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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THERE was, perhaps, more point than we thought in Japan's refusal to call her attack on China a war. It is not a war in the sense in which the world has been used to understand the word (though it may be the pattern for the future). Its outstanding feature to-day is the massacre of non-combatants. The appalling raids on Nanking, Canton and other places, which we recorded last week, have been followed by others. Each day, in fact, brings fresh news of slaughter and destruction from the air. And now—even more foul, because there can be no pretence that military objectives were being aimed at—there come the reports of the blowing up of fishing junks with the men, women and children aboard. The German liner *Scharnhorst* last week picked up 11 survivors, out of 300, of the victims of a Japanese submarine some thirty miles off Hong Kong. Impossible, says the official spokesman in Tokio; the *Scharnhorst* was nowhere near Hong Kong at the time. Why the German captain should be supposed to have invented such a tale, we do not know. Lloyd's says that the *Scharnhorst* was there. This week a British steamer has witnessed another attack, by a Japanese destroyer, on Chinese junks.

Words and Deeds

These atrocities have been roundly condemned by the delegates of the 52 States assembled at Geneva, and the League has also voted a sum for medical aid in China. In this country the tide of popular indignation has risen fast and high. Protests are pouring in from men of all parties and of no party, and as we write we have the announcement of an Albert Hall meeting next Tuesday, at which the Archbishop of Canterbury will preside. All this is impressive—except, we fear, to those whom it is desired to impress. The Japanese will take little notice of protests, however strongly worded; at most they will reply in other words, soft or hard, evasive or blatantly untruthful. What is urged by many, if not all, of the protesters is action—the severance of trade relations with Japan. The National Council of Labour called for this at a special meeting on Wednesday, and Mr. Keynes, Sir Francis Acland and many others have put the same demand in letters to the press. The case for a boycott by Great Britain and the U.S.A. was argued in these columns last week. Mr. Keynes goes further and advocates a threat to Japan by "the British Empire and the U.S.A. and the other 23 nations, with an undertaking of mutual assistance against any reprisals on her part." He is doubtless right in believing the odds are ten to one on such a threat being

effective. Are the Governments prepared to take any united step and to face such risk as may be involved in applying sanctions?

Conflict Over Spain

If the League is at one about the Far East, it is at sixes and sevens about Spain. The attempt to draft a resolution in committee on Tuesday resulted in a deadlock, after a conflict between Señor Del Vayo, warmly supported by Mr. Litvinov, and Mr. Elliot, supported rather less warmly by M. Delbos; and no agreement has been reached at the time of writing. The British Government is still obstinately contending for "non-intervention," despite the breaches and the failures that they cannot deny. The French are nearing the end of their patience, and the opening of the Pyrenean frontier is a prospect that looms steadily closer. Hopes are now turning to the proposed Anglo-Franco-Italian conference, at which, presumably, Mussolini will be asked to come down to brass tacks on the "foreign volunteers" question. We cannot profess to be very sanguine about this. The Duce is not the man to abandon all he has got and expects to get, without *a quid pro quo*, especially after his Nyon upset—and what is there that Britain and France could decently, or even indecently, give him? Unless, therefore, some miracle is worked in Rome, this talk looks likely to end in nothing—or to be the prelude to a new phase of intervention.

The Nazareth Murders

The precarious peace of Palestine was broken again by the murder at Nazareth on Sunday night of Mr. Andrews, the District Commissioner of Galilee, and his bodyguard, Police Constable McEwan. This outrage has stung the Government into action; a large number of Arab suspects have been arrested, and a reward of £10,000 is offered for information that will lead to the capture of the assassins. The Arab Higher Committee has been prompt to express its horror and indignation, and nobody, of course, supposes that it is directly responsible for crimes which cannot but do damage to its cause. Terrorist gangs, as all history has taught us, will operate under the wing of any nationalist movement and yet escape from the control of its saner leaders. Whether the Arab Higher Committee on the one hand and the Government on the other have done all that they ought to have done in the past to discourage the Palestine terrorists, is open to question. But it is plain now that, unless the country is to go from bad to worse, resolute measures must be taken for the maintenance of law and order and the protection of human life—whether it be the life of a British official or of the humblest Jewish or Arab citizen.

Success in New Zealand

Mr. Walter Nash, the Finance Minister of New Zealand, must have enjoyed himself when he introduced his budget this week. A year ago he was told that his estimates of tax revenue were optimistic, and his financial projects unsound and certain to involve the State in loss. In fact, his estimates have been exceeded, and his projects have turned out well. The Dominion is getting on nicely from the investors' point of view as well as from that of the workers, whose real wages have substantially increased. It would be foolish to attribute the whole of this success to the Government's policy; for it is largely due to the excellent markets New Zealand has found for her principal exports, which have risen in value by over 20 per cent. during the past year. The Government, however, can claim full credit for a rise of 9 per cent. in real wages between 1935 and 1937; for, in many other countries, in face of rising prices, the tendency of real wages during this period has been downward. Moreover, the Government can congratulate itself on the success of its policy in taking effective control of the Central Bank, and using credit policy as an instrument for promoting full employment without letting the monetary situation get out of hand.

Rings Round the Post Office

The evidence given by Sir Henry Bunbury, Accountant-General of the Post Office, before the Committee of Public Accounts is a diverting commentary on the benefits accruing to the State from the blessings of free competition by private enterprise. He told the Committee that in negotiating contracts for the supply of telephone cords, for example, the Post Office was confronted with a "ring" of eight manufacturers which had been formed in 1934 and had promptly resulted in a 56 per cent. increase in prices, followed by a further 20 per cent. rise in 1935. The agreement enforced on the Post Office provided that all but 10 per cent. of its requirements in cords must be bought from the "ring" firms, and attempts to verify contractors' costs had "frequently" been defeated by refusal to allow accounts to be inspected. In other negotiations for stores to the value of £1,500,000 the position was much the same; there was an equally close "ring" of manufacturers. These disclosures will make taxpayers wonder how far gentlemen's agreements among contractors are affecting the cost of the rearmament programme. Here, too, as in the case of Post Office supplies, the obvious course is State manufacture; but this, Sir Henry observed, is a weapon which, for political reasons, "lies in the background."

The Labour Party in Conference

The Labour Party Conference meets at Bournemouth next week. The most important internal issue before it will be the proposed revision of the constitution in order to increase the representation of the Local Labour Parties on the National Executive and allow their delegates to elect their own members instead of having them chosen by the block votes of the Trade Unions. This seems so plain a matter of common sense that it was expected, until recently, to go through almost without opposition; but there are now rumours that the Trade Unions will oppose it. If they do, they can, of course, easily vote it down; for their block votes give them an overwhelming majority. If this happens—as we earnestly hope it will not—it will be because the Trade Union leaders have been annoyed by attacks from the Left into taking up an unreasonable, stand-pat position. Apart from this domestic issue, the Conference looks like being uneventful. "United Front" and similar resolutions have been ruled out of order, on the ground that the matter was disposed of last year. Foreign policy has been practically settled by the recent joint declaration of the National Council of Labour; and, while there will be brisk debate on rearmament, the result is hardly in doubt. The new "Short Programme" will probably be adopted without

many changes; for, except for its omission of any proposal to deal with the joint stock banks and of any reference to Indian or other imperial questions, it has not aroused a great deal of criticism.

The C.W.S. Strike Threat

The Co-operative movement, one would suppose, ought to be especially well placed for settling differences with its employees in an amicable fashion. Nevertheless, 10,000 employees of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, organised in four national Trade Unions, are now threatening to strike unless their demands are met. The issue is quite simple; it is a demand for a 10 per cent. rise in the minimum wage level. The C.W.S. has rejected this demand, pleading that it already gives better wages and conditions than most of its competitors, and that it cannot afford the increase. For all we know, C.W.S. wages may be better than those paid in most comparable capitalist concerns; and in the matter of security of employment the advantage is undoubtedly with the Co-operative employees. What is surprising is that the C.W.S., in rejecting the demand of the Trade Unions, should have refused their offer to refer the whole dispute to arbitration. As between a Trade Union and an ordinary employers' federation it is difficult to find impartial arbitrators; but no such difficulty ought to exist between these two sections of the Labour movement.

Prices and Wages

Problems of the rising cost of living were discussed with spirit and ability at a conference under the auspices of the London Trades Council last Saturday. Over a hundred Trade Unions and some twenty Trades Councils were represented, and the men and women who spoke all knew what the widening gap between wages and prices means even if they were not all clear how the gap is to be narrowed. The cost of living has advanced by 11 per cent. during the past 4 years, and after making full allowance for wage increases since 1933, the workers, in the aggregate, are substantially worse off in 1937. The workers know too that of the increased wealth produced a far greater relative share has gone, as it not uncommonly does, to profits than to wages. One of the main objects of the conference was to stimulate Trade Union recruitment. That is, indeed, urgent—and nowhere more so than in the London area, and especially among the women, where Union membership is lamentably weak. But the strengthening of the industrial movement will, we fear, be a slow process under present conditions. And meanwhile the working-class housewife must struggle with the task of adapting her budget to a market in which she has to spend £1 to get what cost her under 18*s.* in the summer of last year.

Crime and Punishment

Those who are concerned for the administration of British justice can hardly fail to have been scandalised by the reports of the trial at Kingston last week of four men charged with the theft of documents and other property from the house of Mr. W. F. Vernon at Farnham. The main facts of the case are recalled in letters on another page of this issue, and we need only say that we share the feelings of our correspondents about the conduct of the trial and their anxiety as to what it portends. From all the reports it appears that Mr. Vernon, a highly placed civil servant in the employ of the Air Ministry, was treated as though it were he who was in the dock—and not the robbers. They pleaded "patriotic" motives for making off with suitcases full of his books and pamphlets (as well as clothes, spoons and forks and money). He was held up to obloquy as the possessor of Left-wing literature—which was apparently to be regarded as, if not a crime in itself, evidence of criminal intentions. He was even accused by one of the defendants of having paid him to distribute subversive documents among the troops—and he was given no opportunity of stating in the court that this was absolutely untrue. Mr. Vernon has been suspended by the Air Ministry, and is now, we understand, awaiting an inquiry. We do not know exactly what the Ministry has got against him. But there will be a wide—and a very proper—demand for the fullest public information. It is a case which raises not only the question of the elementary right of every British citizen to justice, but that of the political rights of servants of the State.

Endeavour—and Enterprise

The competitive antics of the popular press in the *Endeavour* story have made entertainment for newspaper readers of catholic tastes. The yacht was sighted, 260 miles from Fastnet, on Monday. Promptly, each popular daily tried to "scoop" its rivals with exclusive details of the fortnight's adventurous voyage. At first, without success. At Wednesday's breakfast-table readers of the *News Chronicle* were told that an aeroplane chartered in their interests had vainly searched 16,000 square miles of ocean for the *Endeavour*. More pertinacious, the *Daily Herald's* plane had "scoured 30,000 square miles" just as fruitlessly. More practically (and expensively) minded, the *Daily Express* had despatched from Cobh a 4,200-h.p. motor tug, laden with food and "medical restoratives," whose quest—"driving at fifteen or sixteen knots into the Atlantic seas"—was equally unsuccessful. Not to be outdone, the *Daily Mail* also had a tug (horse-power unstated) "ploughing her way through the darkened sea" in barren search of the yacht which, readers were told, had "become a legend even rivalling that of the *Flying Dutchman*." Up to Thursday morning the news-hounds' errand was still sleeveless. Journalistic enterprise is admirable; but this expenditure of thousands of pounds in an attempt to get ahead of the news is journalism run mad.

AUTUMN BOOKS NUMBER

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will contain a special literary Supplement with a selected list of forthcoming books. There will be poems by Stephen Spender and Lord Derwent, a short story by Alistair Stewart, and reviews by Arthur Machen, Richard Hughes, J. A. Hobson, Michael Roberts, H. M. Tomlinson, H. J. Laski, Roger Fulford, Peter Quennell, Leonard Woolf, Robert Byron, J. M. Hone, Flora Grierson, C. E. M. Joad, K. John, Maurice Richardson, Graham Bell and others.

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GILDING THE AXIS

THE Goering-Goebbels publicity firm is to be congratulated on its achievements in Berlin this week. Military manoeuvres, the elaborately displayed resources of Krupps, the hundred thousand disciplined performers in the May Field's torchlight tattoo—to say nothing of the hundred blondes drawn from the film studios to typify Nordic sex appeal—all have been adroitly exploited to impress the Duce with Germany's power and to demonstrate that here was a guest whom the Reich delighted to honour. What propaganda can do propaganda has done. If the peoples of Germany and Italy are not convinced that their interests are bound up in the "solidarity of the Berlin-Rome axis," it will not be the fault of the impresarios responsible for the staging of this display of spectacular amity.

As to the inward implications of the meeting, little of note has emerged. In their speeches on Tuesday night both the Dictators emphasised the community of ideas shared by Fascism and National-Socialism; each proclaimed a common determination to combat the "dark forces and destructive elements" menacing the "luminous truths" of Nazi-Fascist civilisation; both stressed their desire for peace. What are we to conclude from this? That the members of the "luminous" anti-Russian front are brothers under the shirt, brown or black? The statement has been made from Berlin and Rome so often that it gains little in significance by this duet of repetition. That Italo-German pacific intentions are genuine? We should be more impressed with their sincerity if they were expressed in less stentorian tones. That Britain and France are to take warning against any attempt, in the projected Three-Power talks, to wean Italy from her unofficial but now firmly cemented alliance with the Reich? This may be the intention, but the loud insistence on the closeness of Nazi-Fascist *rapprochement* raises, here too, the question whether Duce and Führer—near the microphone at any rate—do not protest too much.

Before the Berlin visit Signor Mussolini gave every indication of playing for position. His change of attitude in the matter of the Nyon Agreement, followed by hints that an accommodation might be reached with regard to the withdrawal of "volunteers" from Spain, suggested strongly that Herr Hitler was to infer that Italy wanted to know by whom her bread was to be buttered. How far Germany has responded suitably to this manoeuvre is a matter of pure speculation. Herr Hitler may have intimated that the Reichswehr high command is not ready to back Italy's political bills and that Germany's acute raw material shortage, strained budgetary position and declining standards of living are cogent arguments against her participation in expensive Mediterranean adventures. Equally it may be that desire to preserve the Berlin-Rome axis with something more substantial than this week's propaganda gilt has induced the Führer to promise, in effect, to pin France diplomatically on the Rhine while Italy gets on with the good work of civilising Spain by bomb and bayonet.

Conjecture as to short-term bargains and decisions is fruitless. What is less open to doubt is that on a long-term view the stability of the famous axis is far from secure. The ultimate ambitions of the two Dictators are scarcely compatible with each other. Mussolini dreams of a Mediterranean imperium embracing Spain, North Africa and the Levant, with Jugoslavia, Greece and Turkey as satellites in an Italian constellation. Hitler, for all the propaganda use he makes of Germany's need for colonial outlets, cherishes in reality the conception of a Pan-German bloc which is to absorb Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary and part of Poland, and from that base is to dominate the Balkans. On the Brenner Pass, on the Danube and in the Near East alike, these rival ambitions clash. Declarations of community of ideals notwithstanding, Mussolini has no wish to see a Nazi occupation of Austria, bordering the semi-Italianised South Tyrol, still less the emergence of a Germany so supreme in Central Europe that Italy would become a very junior partner in the Nazi-Fascist firm.

Germany, on the other hand, though she is interested in securing control over the metal ores of Spain and the Spanish Zone in Morocco, is not particularly sympathetic towards Italy's dreams of a Mediterranean converted into *mare nostrum et clausum*. She is apprehensive lest sabre-rattling at Rome may serve indirectly to strengthen the already visible tendency of the Little Entente countries to form a resolutely independent Danubian bloc embracing Hungary. Above all, she is by no means anxious at this juncture unconditionally to endorse Italian adventures in the Western Mediterranean at the expense of being embroiled with France and losing all chance of favours from Britain. In brief, neither Duce nor Führer is eager to commit himself to support of his associate's long-term policy for fear of its ultimate reactions either on his own plans or on the attitude of other Powers.

Here lies the essential weakness of the axis, a weakness which should embolden the western democratic Powers, acting in concert with the U.S.S.R., to proclaim their desires and intentions as vigorously as, and much more specifically than, the two Dictators have done in Berlin. Desire for peace is not a monopoly of Germany's or Italy's *sacro egoismo*, and the Powers who remain members of the League have conceptions of peace to which, they are entitled to insist, all nations must conform. The peace for which Mussolini professes his readiness to work overtime is, he declares, "a real, fruitful peace which does not silently ignore, but solves, the questions arising from the life of the peoples." What meaning have these words of a toy Caesar who complains in the same speech that "criminal" steps to boycott Italian trade were taken by the League of Nations when he launched his bombers in flagrant aggression against Abyssinia, and who boasts that "to save European culture" thousands of Fascist troops have died bringing death unprovoked to the inhabitants of Spain?

Peace which is a sickening hypocrisy and masks one war of aggression after another is not the peace desired by the western democracies, nor yet by the U.S.S.R. The stability of the Berlin-Rome axis, the territorial integrity of Germany and Italy, the licence of their Governments to rule as they please within their own frontiers, are threatened by no nation in the world. Germany's lost colonies? To transfer to the German flag territories whose chief utility in the eyes of the present German Government would be that of air bases would be a poor service to humanity. Raw materials? Access exists or has been offered which is insufficient only on the as-

sumption that the non-Colonial Powers intend actions which would invoke sanctions against the aggressor. If the professions of desire for " real, fruitful peace " made so ostentatiously at Berlin are genuine, there is a short way to demonstrate their sincerity. Non-intervention in Spain can be made a reality to-morrow by the withdrawal of the Italian expeditionary force from the Peninsula. It is to be hoped that, if tripartite discussions on Spain materialise, the British and French Governments, whose hand is reinforced by their power to open the Pyrenean frontier, will call firmly and unequivocally for a showdown of the cards.

" PLANNING "

Economic " planning," as it is sometimes called, beginning as a measure of resistance against the disasters brought on by the depression, is developing slowly into a more positive form of action, aiming at something more than the mere salvaging of hopeless situations. So far, however, in the great majority of countries no adequate measures have been taken to set up the machinery necessary to co-ordinate the various measures of State intervention, so as to enable them to yield an optimum of social advantage. From this point of view there is little true " planning," and such as there is has been directed largely towards non-social objectives. Furthermore a great deal of the action contributing to the present recovery must be classed as definitely uneconomic. Production is being promoted which from an economic point of view, does not pay; and to a large extent it is the employers and workers who must perforce foot the bill.—*I.L.O. Year Book*, 1936–7, page 60.*

THE International Labour Organisation, being an official body, with Governments, employers and Trade Unionists all represented upon it, and all their various susceptibilities to consider, cannot state its conclusions with that bluntness which the facts too often merit. But it has, none the less, a healthy tradition of so describing a spade as, without rudeness, to convey a reasonably clear understanding of what is meant. Thus, when we have studied the above quotation, we can without difficulty translate it roughly as follows. Governments were rushed into interfering in industry, mainly against their will, by the world depression; and, as they had no conception of economic planning in their minds and were in any case much too frightened of the vested interests to have carried out any real plan even if they had known how to do so, they resorted to a series of haphazard expedients for salvaging those forms of enterprise which were on the point of sheer collapse. But, when they had thus been driven to interfere, they discovered that, even when the worst of the depression was over, it was not at all easy to remove the controls which they had imposed. They therefore tended to make them permanent; but they were still much too much afraid of " Socialism " to attempt to unify their separate expedients into any sort of system, and much too much concerned with buttressing private profits to pay much attention to the social effects of what they had done. Moreover, those Governments which did carry planning beyond this point did so not for the purpose of promoting social welfare but with the very different purpose of making themselves strong with a view to war. Economic planning was degraded into an auxiliary of rearmament; and the " planned " populations were set to work to produce under conditions which were bound to reduce their standards of life.

With the exception of the Soviet Union—and even there military needs have not been without influence in distorting the Five Year Plans—what country does not stand condemned under one or other head of this indictment? We in Great Britain, and with us the Americans, the Belgians, and most of the other parliamentary peoples, have " planned " only in the sense that we have imposed a number of State economic controls, and then found it impossible, or inexpedient from the standpoint of the vested interests, to take them off. We have attempted no general " planning," and have not even considered what the *optimum* distribution of our resources among the different forms of production really is. We have subsidised farmers, shipowners, oil-producers, and other groups fortunate enough to possess a political pull; and we have put poultices on a number of the most obvious running sores. But we have refused to consider where industries ought to be located, what enterprises ought to be allowed to raise capital, what ought to be done to make use of the decaying resources of the depressed areas, or any of the other questions which are clearly fundamental to the making of a real economic plan. Consequently, we are getting neither the advantages of unfettered private enterprise nor the social benefits of controlled planning. We are merely muddling through, in the hope that if only we give subsidies to the most clamorous capitalists and follow a moderately expansionist policy in making bank-credits available for anyone to whom the banks feel like lending them, we need not bother our heads about anything more.

In the Fascist countries, on the other hand, including Japan, " planning " of a sort has gone a great deal further than this; but it has been " planning " for war, and not for social welfare. Germany plans for *autarkie*, in order to prevent herself from being starved of either foodstuffs or raw materials by a blockade of her frontiers. Japan plans for an expansion of exports, at any cost to the domestic standard of living, in order to get foreign exchange wherewith to buy the raw materials she needs for intensive armament, and cannot possibly produce at home. Italy follows, with less thoroughness, the same policy as Germany; and smaller fire-eating States, which cannot hope to make themselves self-sufficient in either an economic or a military sense, " plan " to move in the orbit of one or another of the greater Fascist Powers.

Both these forms of " planning " are calculated to lower the standards of living of the peoples to whom they are applied. Subsidies and tariffs and quotas and marketing schemes, designed in the interests of profit-seeking producers, hand the consumers over to be exploited, and come to involve more and more the stabilisation of existing vested interests as against the development of new forms of service corresponding to real economic needs. Fascist planning involves much more interference with the " free " working of capitalist enterprise; but it also comes to be more and more a bargain between the State and the capitalists, whereby the latter undertake to produce what the former wants, on condition of being given a completely free hand to exploit the workers. In Germany, for example, where there used to be at least a pretence of impartial public control over the cartels, this control is now vested in the bodies representing the capitalists in each industrial group—that is, in the same interests as form and profit by the cartels they are supposed to control. In Italy there is a grand façade of co-operative organisation; but in practice it comes to much the same thing, when allowance is made for the weaker and more backward condition of Italian capitalism.

It is, of course, an essential feature of the Fascist type of " planning " that the workers' independent rights of combination are destroyed. It makes little practical difference whether Trade Unions are completely abolished, as in Germany (for the Labour Front does not even pretend to be a Trade Union organisation), or the workers regimented into State-made and State-controlled corporative Trade Unions, as in Italy—and now also in Austria, Greece, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Bulgaria, and possibly other imitative totalitarian States. Trade Unionism, where it is allowed a formal existence, becomes a mere appendage to the machinery of State, without either the power or the will to protect the workers' interests.

This is so well known that the point need not be laboured. What is less generally recognised is that even in the " democratic " countries there is some tendency for Trade Unionism to go the same way. In New Zealand a Labour Government has made Trade Unionism compulsory, in combination with a system of registration of approved Unions

* The *I.L.O. Year Book*, 1936–7. International Labour Office, 1937. 10*s.* 6*d.*

and compulsory arbitration of trade disputes. In Belgium, though the Government asserts its strong hostility to "corporatism," Trade Unions and trade associations have been endowed with legal personality, which is also being extended to statutory joint committees of employers and workers. In France, the Front Populaire has reorganised the National Economic Council on the basis of employers' and Trade Union representation, and has given parallel official recognition and legal status to the Confédération Générale du Travail and the General Confederation of French Employers. This recognition was accounted a great victory for the Unions; but in conjunction with the introduction of compulsory arbitration it also tended to make the Unions to some extent a part of the official State machinery for the regulation of industry. In America the N.R.A. was meant by its sponsors to have a similar tendency, though in effect, even before it was disallowed by the Supreme Court, the employers' resistance had reduced labour participation in the control of policy almost to nothing.

In all these cases the impetus towards linking Trade Unionism more definitely to the State machine has come from the Left. And, of course, in the Soviet Union the conversion of the Trade Unions into public bodies executing Government policy in their special sphere has become practically complete. What needs to be considered is whether a tendency which is natural and inevitable in a proletarian State and, with a quite different purpose, no less natural in a Fascist State, is also natural in countries which reject both Socialism and its opposite, corporative capitalism. Is there not, to say the least, a real danger that in assuming an officially recognised and regulated status under capitalism—which involves conceding a parallel status to the organisations of the employers—Trade Unionism may forfeit its power to act as an effective organ of opposition to capitalism, and find itself involved not merely in making the best of the existing economic order but also in helping the State to buttress it up? Is it not dangerous for Trade Unions, even under Labour or Popular Front Governments, to accept joint responsibility with employers' organisations for making capitalism work? And may it not be a valuable prop to the planless planning of the "democratic" States to get the Trade Union vested interests, as well as those of the employers, deeply committed to measures which assume that the essential purpose of production is to provide a profit rather than a service?

Anyone who reads carefully the chapter in the *I.L.O. Year-Book* on "Workers' General Rights" will, we think, be struck, in the account given of developments in one country after another, by the growing tendency, even from opposite motives, to convert Trade Unionism from a free and spontaneous form of working-class association into a regulative instrument on behalf of the State. Nor is it easy to see how this tendency can be avoided, or the Unions escape its influence, where States resort to any sort of planning, even of the most haphazard and sporadic kind. In Spain, even Revolutionary Syndicalism, with its traditional hatred of the State, has been brought to the point of having to take a share in responsibility for the running of industry under the auspices of the Republic. And in the parliamentary capitalist countries, where the State confers public authority upon the employers, there is an irresistible pressure upon the Trade Unions to claim the right to participate in the new forms of control. Even the least Fascist States became partially corporative, under the impulsion of economic events.

Of course, it is possible that, in a particular country, Trade Unionism may be powerful and independent enough, and clear enough about its own policy, to use its changed position as a means of social and economic transformation. But it is more likely, especially where the Government is in effect a capitalist spider appealing to the Trade Union fly, to find that it has sacrificed the substance of power for the mere shadow of recognition and illusory partnership with the employers. For this reason it behoves the Trade Unions, in Great Britain as elsewhere, to walk warily, and not for a moment to forget that their primary purpose is to raise the working-class standard of living, and that by no possibility can this be done by lending their authority to forms of "planning" which restrict production for the sake of profits or twist the economic system to serve uneconomic ends.

A LONDON DIARY

"I COULDN'T sleep at night for it," said Mrs. Tomkins, the publican's wife whom I've never known to be interested in politics before. "I could just hear that little child screaming, and my husband says to me put that paper in the fire and think of something else, but I was kind of fascinated with it and kept looking at it all day long." Mrs. Tomkins was referring to the photograph that appeared in the *News Chronicle* last week of a child torn by a Japanese bomb. "And I think it's right people should know about such things and what's going on." She said: "Of course, I don't know whether there is anything we can do about it, but what can be done should be done." Was she in favour of stopping our trade with Japan and refusing to let her have our oil and raw materials for the war? Certainly she was, and so I found, to my surprise, was a leading magistrate of the district, an old-fashioned Conservative who, like Mrs. Tomkins, had taken no notice when Mussolini tortured the Abyssinians with poison gas, and remained indifferent to the Italian and German invasion of Spain. And Monday's papers showed that the same sentiment had reached the Bishops and other less distinguished correspondents of the *Times*. Why did Guernica, which seemed to me the most horrible, because the most gratuitous and cold-blooded of all crimes, not stir the public mind while the massacres at Nanking and Canton do?

* * *

The most important reason, I think, is the absence, for the first time, of counter propaganda from the Right. No one suggests that the people of Canton have set fire to their own city, no one, oddly enough, talks about the Far Eastern war as a struggle of "rival ideologies" in which we have "no concern." No one even remarks on the irony of protests against war upon civilians from Hitler with the laurels of Guernica still on his brow and Mussolini with his congratulations to his generals and troops in Spain still echoing in Europe. A few people—perhaps an increasing number—realise that we ourselves are building aeroplanes for the same purpose and shall no doubt, if hard pressed, imitate the Japanese and bomb civilians with as much ruthlessness as theirs. But whatever our other reactions, the one clear thing about British opinion just now is that it is solidly on the side of the Chinese. The Right press, which only a few months ago was still publishing a vast acreage of nonsense about our old friends and allies, the Japanese, and which accepted from 1931–1933 everything they said about the Chinese as bandits and Communists, have at length realised that the Japanese intend to have China for themselves and do not care whether British ambassadors, ships, buildings, investments or subjects go up in smoke or not. Hence the removal of that inhibition of property and class interest that has overlaid the normal humanitarianism of Britain in each of the recent wars. One of the Rothermere papers—the most nauseating panderers to Japanese aggression in the past—calls the Japanese "sub-human" (they cannot think except in these hysterical Fascist terms)—and Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* decides that we should not be interfering in other people's business if we boycotted Japanese goods! The same suggestion two years ago was "lunatic war-mongering. . . ." It is only on such occasions when the idealism of the Left coincides with the interest of the Right that Britain ever moves effectively. The last occasion when this coincidence occurred was over the Laval-Hoare terms! Mr. Baldwin, you will recollect, called it a movement of national conscience. The result of such turns of conscience are not always happy,

but on this occasion I see little danger of making the world situation any worse and the possibility that joint boycott of Japan by Britain and the U.S.A. might do incalculable good.

* * *

From discussions with people closely in touch with Chinese politics, I gather that Chiang Kai-shek might again have been willing to give way to Japan, even at the price of yielding Northern China, if he had not been forced to resist by the pressure of opinion. All his generals, I am told, insisted that they could not hold their armies and would not themselves remain bound to Chiang unless he reversed the recent policy of Nanking and stood up to Japan. Chiang agreed, but some people still doubt whether he might not yet conspire with the richer Chinese bourgeoisie to buy a further period of peace at the price of Chinese independence—if he got a chance, which now looks very unlikely. As it is, Chiang has been forced to accept the "united front" and to appoint Chu Teh, one of the most experienced Red generals, to the command of the 8th Route Army, as the Chinese Soviet Army is now called. Some interesting details about this army reached me the other day from a correspondent, who only a month or so before the Japanese attack had long conversations with Chu Teh and Mao Tze-Tung, his Communist co-leader. Chu Teh estimated the Communist Army at from 80,000–90,000 men apart from groups of "partisans." These partisans number many thousands and amount in some districts to considerable bodies of troops, some of them regularly in communication, Chu Teh said, with his army. Mao Tze-Tung, discussing the political situation shortly before the war began, emphasised the change in Kuomintang policy at its second plenary session in July, 1936, where Chiang was told that he could not proceed further in the direction of concessions to Japan if this meant any further violation of Chinese sovereignty. Since then China has become increasingly conscious of Japan as the immediate enemy against which it must struggle even though for the time being this may mean alliance with other imperialist Powers. The "reactionary" nations, he said, are now Japan, Germany and Italy; Britain, until recently the arch-exploiter, is now being merely "conservative" rather than reactionary and must, in Mao Tze-Tung's opinion, necessarily be the enemy of Japan, however little she likes being on the same side as Soviet Russia. Events at the moment are bearing out this prophecy, but I met people who said the same thing about Britain and Italy in 1935.

* * *

Lu Yu, the greatest poet of the Southern Sung Dynasty, who lived A.D. 1125–1207, made a famous last request to his son:

> When at last the Imperial armies march
> To conquer the Central Plain,
> Forget not at your household worship
> To whisper to your father's soul.

This poem, I am told, is still being repeated all over China as men prepare for battle.

* * *

The forecast made in an article in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION last week—that the medical profession would embark on an experiment in co-operative advertising—has already proved to be correct. Behold the British Medical Association buying space, this week, in most of the leading dailies to publicise the role which the profession desires to play in the national fitness campaign. Mr. A. W. Haslett, late of the *Morning Post's* staff, has been appointed Public Relations Officer to the Association, and a well-known firm of advertising consultants will supervise future schemes of medical publicity. The B.M.A.'s programme is contained in a booklet entitled *A General Medical Service for the Nation*. Its main thesis is that the existing health services have grown piecemeal and do not represent a national health policy. The basis of such a policy should be the provision for every citizen of a general practitioner backed by the necessary specialist and institutional services. In any system, however, the B.M.A. wants to retain free choice of doctor by patient and of patient by doctor. The problem of combining the voluntary element with a nation-wide scheme of medical service on a capitation fee basis presents difficulties; and I, for one, look forward to the eventual disappearance of the voluntary hospital. The new zeal for progress, however, shown by the B.M.A., coinciding with the opening of the "National Health Campaign," is a welcome sign.

* * *

According to the *Times* correspondent at Geneva:

> Another suggestion is that, as a mark of confidence, China should not be called upon to pay her League subscription this year—while, of course, remaining fully in every right of membership.

I cannot hope to better this with comment.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mrs. W. P. Moore.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

A fortune is being made by a man of seventy-seven who, after sixteen years of self-imposed poverty, living on £2 a week, invented and patented a method of turning old Bibles into gun-cotton, artificial silk, cellulose, and expensive note paper. His machinery has already been installed at a Cardiff factory and at eight others in various parts of the country where armaments are being made from ancient Testaments.—*Daily Express.*

GLORIOUS WINTER CLIMATE.—Superbly designed house in most exclusive all-the-year-round beauty spot. Semi-tropical climate; typical Continental atmosphere; social life of high standard; exceptional golf and tennis; 4 bedrooms, double reception, etc.; central heating; garage; gardens; suitable week-end home (only 90 min. London), or otherwise. Angmering-on-Sea.—Advt. in *Sunday Times.*

A warning of the dangerous effects attendant on the indiscriminate use of the drug benzedrine is given by the *British Medical Journal.* The habitual use of the drug, even in small doses, has been observed in some cases to involve "a dangerous degree of disrespectfulness to superior officers on telephones."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Rank Among Wives.—In the R.A.F. an officer's wife is officially known as a "lady," whereas an airman's wife is described as a "woman." If an airman works up through the ranks to sergeant-pilot and then gets a commission, does his wife automatically become a "lady"?—"Indignant," in *Pearson's Weekly.*

NOTES AFTER NUREMBERG

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

THE honour—for "honour" and not "experience" is the word officially favoured—of attending the Nazi Party Congress is purchased rather dearly. As a "participant" or "Teilnehmer" I had to pay £7 for bed and breakfast for the hectic eight days, and I was billeted rather far away from the centre of the town with a pleasant family who, when encountered, displayed discreet enthusiasm. As an experience it was perhaps worth the money, but on the whole it was rather rough going. Some of the proceeds from our contribution, one felt, must surely be devoted to making things more pleasant for the "guests of honour of the Führer" who paid nothing and were accommodated in a luxurious guest house. We were, in fact, a little jealous.

What exactly these rallies are intended to prove to such as us—unless it be that Herr Hitler has the loyalty of his followers, which we knew already—it is rather difficult to say. They do prove the extreme efficiency of the German railways to cope with a big-scale mobilisation manoeuvre. The masses of men of the S.A., S.S., Labour Service and other Nazi

formations were transported in their tens of thousands without a hitch and with such punctuality that the normal train services were not in the least delayed. The commissariat and camping arrangements were, as we were allowed to see for ourselves, almost faultless. The civil organisation was far less good. Seats reserved for "participants" and for the press were overrun with all kinds of people who had thrust their way in, and the rightful occupants were often forced to stand. Austrian Nazis were always given preference. They displayed their gratitude by shouting "Austria greets her Führer" and the like. The number of "Auslandsdeutsche"—Germans living abroad—who had been brought to Nuremberg was conspicuously large. Some talked broken German—a girl in front of me had brought from London a genuine B.B.C. accent—but all raised their arms and cheered wildly when the Führer appeared.

Some of the English visitors to whom I spoke had persuaded themselves that this was the real Germany. Others realised before the end that the rally is like one of those processions—well known in Ireland and Italy—which turn down a side street and come back in fresh glory along the main route. It is not fully representative of the country as a whole, and even in Nuremberg the jealousy of the sections of the Party was evident. I myself saw two fierce altercations between members of the S.A. and S.S. However, these are perhaps not much more important than the rivalries of regiments within any army. Their devotion to Hitler personally was unquestionable, but their understanding of Nazi "doctrine" is weak, and one wonders whether their loyalty to the system would survive a change of leader. The presence of workers who wish to attend must be facilitated by employers who can be obliged to pay full wages, plus 5*s*. a day for men selected to form part of a detachment in uniform or 10*s*. for others. The men and women are drawn from every part of the country—one heard the accents of Hamburg and of Württemberg mingling, or trying to do so, for they are almost mutually incomprehensible—and the trend towards centralisation is greatly assisted. This means in effect increased rule from Berlin, but the Berlin rulers are now to a great extent Bavarians and one of the greatest rivalries is being smoothed out.

The scheme of building construction which has been begun but will not be completed for decades is on a colossal and even megalomaniac scale. Herr Hitler is combining in the meadows lying on the south-east of the town the architectural notions of Nero with those of the colosseum which followed after the people of Rome had torn down the remains of the Golden House as a folly. The plans are by Professor Albert Speer, but the ideas are the Führer's. The following particulars are proudly given on the official folder:

1. Luitpold Arena (based on a personal sketch by the Führer). A War Memorial and grand stand connected by a granite path 60ft. wide and 787ft. long. Behind the Stand rise four steel masts 111ft. high, carrying Swastika flags. The area is just under 20 acres, with space for 150,000 men and 50,000 spectators. This is completed.

2. Zeppelin Field, 22 acres, accommodating 250,000 men with grand stands for 100,000. The stands are of granite and walls, 21ft. high, surround the field between them. All this, however, is merely provisional pending completion of:

3. The Martian Fields (Märzfeld), work on which has been begun. This will be the biggest parade ground in the world and devoted to the Army display which forms an integral part of the Rally. It will also be the most pretentious forum ever dedicated to the god of war, far exceeding its forerunner in ancient Rome. The area will be 100 acres—five times that of the parade ground now found large enough—and a granite road, 290ft. wide and over a mile long, will lead to it. Forty-six towers, each 85ft. high, will surround the ground and form the biggest battlements in the world. Then we have:

4. The Congress Hall, a small section of which has been erected already for experimental purposes and to test various grades of stone. It towers above all else like a gigantic piece of wedding cake. Its size when completed will be almost unbelievable: height of the flat roof, 185ft.; length of the building, 880ft.; width, 832ft.; seating capacity, 40,000 persons; a stage holding 2,400 persons and 800 standards. Total area, 15 acres.

5. The Stadium, already built in 1928, is a modest trifle. It has seats for 3,000 people and standing room for 56,000. So, too, is the present scene of the Congress meetings, namely,

6. Luitpold Hall, holding 16,000 seated and 30,000 standing. "Simply and tastefully decorated," said our guide-book, meaning that it was filled with Swastika flags.

None of this Brobdingnagian architecture will be used more often than eight days in the year, and the arenas will serve for one day only.

This year's proceedings followed closely on the lines of former years. Herr Hitler, one felt, was more "cagey" in politics and more self-possessed in his relations with his visitors, especially foreigners. His opening demand for the return of Germany's colonies was, as usual, unaccompanied by any practical suggestion. He just demanded them, one and all, said that Europe would never be pacified until he had them, and waited for the next offer. Between that and his final speech, he said nothing worth recording, though his archness with the Nazi girls was worth seeing and hearing when he addressed them after an almost equally arch speech by their own woman leader.

His last speech has been variously construed. His most important phrase seemed to be the warning that Germany would not tolerate any change in the balance of power in Europe in favour of "Moscow." Since "Moscow" is interpreted in Germany as embodying anything from outspoken Communism to liberal thought, Herr Hitler might at a pinch object to a Labour Government in England. He would object at once to a move to the Left by certain of his nearer and weaker neighbours. On that Monday night I found the wiseacres by no means united in their interpretation of the speech. On the Tuesday morning, when we were demobbed, there was still no greater certainty, but some agreement that it was probably meant, on the eve of the Duce's arrival, to make our flesh creep.

One of the most interesting side-shows of the Rally is the presence of the diplomatic corps—rather carefully quarantined in a train three miles away—and still more of every single German statesman and diplomatist. For one week in the year they are easily accessible and many a plan is worked out that will mature later. On the Saturday schemes for a diplomatic shuffle, including "promotion" for Herr von Ribbentrop, were on the tapis. Subsequent indignant denials have more value for those who read them than for those who saw the London Ambassador's haggard appearance and Baron von Neurath's beaming face. That there had been a sharp engagement which the latter had won was obvious.

Herr von Ribbentrop, it was being said, had failed to produce the results expected and had disappointed the Führer in two points. Great Britain, contrary to expectations, had not joined the German-Japanese alliance against Bolshevism which Herr von Ribbentrop had produced from his hat shortly after his appointment to London. Moreover, and even more conspicuously, here his bag of honoured guests was pitifully thin, both in numbers and in plumage. Some 50 actually arrived, including a few Milords, a handful of M.P.s, the three Mitfords, and a couple of colonels, with flotsam and jetsam to make up the count. The seats of the great remained empty. Sir Nevile Henderson, Ambassador in Berlin, it is true, rather pointedly stayed longer than his French colleague, but that was ascribable to his own enthusiasm rather than to Herr von Ribbentrop's diplomatic endeavours.

The army advertised its loyalty to the regime by shouting "Heil Hitler" at its parade and by printing on its programme a quotation from one of Hitler's speeches to the effect that policy must be based first and last on force. This represents

Field-Marshal von Blomberg's own attitude and the army in any case has much to be thankful for. Its solidarity was, nevertheless, perhaps the important demonstration of the whole week.

THE LABOUR PARTY AND ITS LOCAL ORGANISATIONS

THE internal issue that faces the Labour Party to-day is whether the Trade Union democracy shall constrict the development of the political section—or whether a suitable basis for adjustment can be found. The issues are momentous. If the belated recommendations of the National Executive on the question of the method of election of the Constituency Party representatives on that body are turned down, a crisis will arise in the Party which will result in the political Labour movement taking a different form.

The present form of the Labour Party is based upon the "alliance" of organised Socialism and organised industrial Labour. Up to 1918 the main body of Socialists in the country were enrolled in the I.L.P., which was the main Socialist Party in the alliance with the Trade Unions. In 1918 the Labour Party adopted a Socialist constitution and at the same time opened its membership to individual Socialists organised on a constituency basis. To-day the affiliated Socialist bodies have all but disappeared (even the Socialist League was an anachronism) and the mass movement of British Socialism is to be found in the ranks of our Constituency Parties. Are they or are they not to be allowed to play that responsible active part in the Labour Party to which they are entitled under the terms of the alliance?

If we look at the Constituency and local Labour Party organisations as the representatives of British Socialism we are faced with a grave and ominous condition. First there is the fact that British Socialism is unorganised. It is in fact split up into six hundred or so units with very little or no contact between each other except what they have given themselves through the area Associations in recent years, unofficially and against the dead weight of the party machine. The local parties are looked upon not as living human institutions which have a contribution to make to the political and Socialist expression of our times, but purely as electoral machinery which have to carry out certain mechanical functions in their own localities. The only freedom and initiative they really enjoy is in local government activities. As far as national politics are concerned, the local organisations of the Party are all but intellectually dead. The policy of the Party, which it is their duty to present with conviction and enthusiasm, has been given no real meaning to them and amounts to so much printers' ink and paper to be handed out to the electorate. Even on questions of Party administration which affects them particularly, care has been taken to remove any spirit of interest. Local parties are in fact suffocated and stifled in the complications of the party machine. Any lingering remains of that spirit of fire and faith which gave the old Socialists their quality of invincibility evaporate to-day in the intellectual void which only the means of expressing a unity and common purpose can fill. It is symptomatic that in spite of 400,000 members and thousands of local organisations, there is no journal which caters for the individual membership of the Party as, say, the *New Leader* did for the I.L.P.

It is true that constituency and other local party organisations have the right to send delegates and resolutions to the annual Party conference. But being prevented from meeting each other and thereby giving a common and valuable expression of considered opinion, the resolutions from our local parties are in the main as devoid of quality as they are great in quantity. These resolutions are not taken seriously and they play a minute part in the conference. Devoid of voting strength and not permitted to develop any kind of intellectual unity, the local parties in the conference play a role which is contemptible when we bear in mind that they have the big responsibility of doing the political work of the Party.

In this atmosphere of servility, suffocation and frustration, the local parties can never fulfil the great part they were destined to play inside the political Labour movement. They cannot attract to their ranks the young and the vigorous who wish to make their contribution to the Socialist and Labour movement of this country.

The Constituency Party movement is essentially one that aims at tackling these serious problems of our local party existence. It accepts the position of the Trade Unions in the Labour Party and it has never challenged or agitated over the block vote, as it holds that the method of voting is a domestic concern of the Trade Unions themselves. But the Constituency Party movement does claim that the local party organisations must be allowed to play an honourable and recognised part in the life of the Party. When this movement first started there was not even the demand for that direct representation on the National Executive Committee which has in recent years become the focal point of its activities. But this movement has always claimed the right of free association of parties for the furthering of common interests of local parties. At first there was a real possibility that the work could be done with the co-operation of the official party machine. But when that machine used its full weight against the exercise of the democratic rights of free association, and showed a complete lack of understanding the local party problem, and proceeded wilfully to misrepresent the movement, then the demand for the right of direct representation on the National Executive arose. This will come up for decision at the Bournemouth Conference.

Rome was not built in a day, nor will the Labour Party be reconstituted in a year. The problem is vast and it will need the maximum of good will to carry the solution through. The local parties in the teeth of official opposition have been getting together in area assemblies in the past year and have now seriously begun to consider the problems that face them collectively. It is of supreme importance to have on the National Executive those who fully understand the nature of the problem, and the present lack of regional and national organisation makes the exercise of the right of election by local organisations difficult. But there must be a sense of freedom. The cry "canvassing," raised by the National Executive, and the charge of creating a new block vote, raised by others, is only an indication of how little the problem is understood.

The first step in rebuilding the Labour Party is to remove the present sense of frustration which exists in the local organisations, and for this a free right of association with each other must be permitted and should be supported and encouraged by a sympathetic Executive. If the amendments to the constitution are carried, the Bournemouth Conference will mark the beginning of a new phase in the life of a united and reinvigorated Labour Party.

BEN GREENE

ANIMALS CALLING

FOR some time past the authorities of the London Zoo have been making records of the numerous "voices" with which the Gardens often resound, and in time a valuable library of these "vocal efforts" will be amassed.

Prominent in this "library" will be the solos and choruses contributed by the monkey legion. There is little doubt that many monkeys and apes do genuinely "enjoy the sound of their own voices," since nothing else can explain the ear-splitting Matins and Evensongs of the chimpanzees or the gibbons. The gibbons may be inspired to sing either by strong sunshine and the resultant high spirits, or merely by the proximity of a crowd in a holiday mood. Entertainment was caused when the Zoo first installed loud speakers whereby to broadcast band music on late nights and Saturday afternoons. The gibbons at once showed their resentment of this "competition," and after a few unavailing attempts to "beat

the band" relapsed into sulky silence until they once more had the stage to themselves.

Some of the little lemur-like animals, such as the galagos, have terrific voices, quite disproportionate to the creatures owning them. The African Galagos have earned the name of "Bush Babies" by reason of their amazing lung power. There is the story of a certain planter whose evenings were rendered intolerable by the choir of bush babies quartered in some bushes just outside his bungalow. His nerves reaching strain limit, he flung one night the dregs of his dinner ale over the assembled songsters. The bush babies, having indignantly licked themselves dry, succumbed to the influence of the unaccustomed liquor and sank into Bacchanalian slumber. But they had, apparently, acquired a taste for strong waters, for from thence onwards the babies sang for their suppers nightly, howling in unison until a saucer of beer was set out for their refreshment, when immediately grateful silence reigned.

All simian vocal efforts are outclassed by the famous howler monkeys of Brazil. In these animals the hyoid bone which supports the tongue is much enlarged and forms a bony resonator, and the sounds it amplifies can carry for a distance of several miles. From the earliest travellers onwards, all who have heard these monkeys testify to their wonderful evening concerts. Buffon has given an account of a howler chorus: "As soon as the choir is seated, the choir leader begins an oration with so loud a voice that at a distance it might be imagined that a number of monkeys were all making a noise together. But during the whole discourse the rest keep a profound silence. When it is ended, however, he makes a signal to the rest to answer him and immediately they all set up a cry together, till such time as the leader orders them to be silent."

Naturalists are now generally agreed that the voice in most animals is inspired primarily by the reproductive instinct, being either a challenge to other males or a direct appeal to the opposite sex. This view seems to be justified by the fact that many creatures only "sing" during the mating season. Some few creatures—like the giraffe and okapi—appear to be silent at all times.

Fishes are proverbially silent, but a number are able to produce sounds by contractions of the air bladder and other organs. The so-called "canary fish" of Mexican waters emits sounds like that of an organ, and when a hundred or more fish thus "sing" together the noise, as it comes filtering up through several fathoms of water, is said to have a decidedly pleasing effect. Fish noises might be cited *ad infinitum*. The horse mackerel, sunfish and various trigger fishes produce sounds by grating their teeth, whilst the bull heads, flying gurnard, boar fish, file fish, surgeon fish and others use various portions of their anatomies to emit stridulating noises of varying intensity. Often a freshly landed fish involuntarily expels air, with audible effect—such phenomena accounting for the so-called "bark" of the conger eel.

Among the amphibians only the frogs and toads seem capable of making themselves heard. This many achieve with almost painful success, and the edible frog's capacity for song has been immortalised for all time in Aristophanes' famous "Croaking Chorus." In many frogs the males' efforts are augmented by an inflatable vocal sac which can on occasion swell to an immense size. At the late Lord Walsingham's former country seat in the Isle of Wight the European tree frog was bred all too successfully, for the creatures' choruses raised such a din as seriously to depreciate the value of the property when eventually it came up for sale. The famous "Ferreiro" frog of Brazil has a metallic voice, earning the name of "coppersmith"; the Australian golden tree frog utters a "chunk chunk" comparable to cattle bells, while the huge horned frog of Brazil, when angered, reproduces the squalls of a peevish infant.

Many reptiles are not far behind as vocalists. Some of the giant tortoises, though usually silent, utter cat-like screams in the breeding season, and the male American alligator can give out a tremendous roar, audible at quite a mile distant. The voices of alligators and crocodiles differ according to the species to which they belong. Thus the Chinese alligator produces barks similar to those produced by an angry dog, while the Indian long-nosed crocodile or Gharial mimics a sufferer from *mal de mer*. Several snakes—such as the American bull snake, can also roar—as opposed to the more characteristic ophidian hiss.

A great deal of attention has been given during recent years to the study of bird "music." While the outpourings of the thrush and skylark are possibly inspired by tender feelings for some prospective partner, there is also reason to believe the songs of many perching birds have a belligerent incentive. They are in fact inspired by a desire to proclaim territorial rights, and to intimidate all possible encroachers upon a "staked claim." As in many other animals, some birds develop special "vocal sacs" during the mating season. Livingstone recalls how he mistook the ostrich's roar for that of a lion, and recently a collector in South Africa has observed the male secretary bird to produce similar leonine roars.

No country dweller or wanderer in our parks can have failed to be impressed by the stag's "belling" during October. In Canada Indian hunters exactly reproduce the bull moose's note by means of a birch bark horn, and so lure the unsuspecting animals within gun shot.

The sea lions' impressive tenor has come to be regarded by many persons living near the Zoo as a sure "barometer" or wind gauge, and dwellers in Hampstead prophesy rain when their barks reach them. The sea lion's reputation for being weather-wise is explained by the fact that its bark is only audible in the Hampstead district when the wind is in the south-west.

Man appears to be one of the few "imitative" mammals, but this faculty is very widely distributed amongst birds. Our own blackbird has earned the title of the English mocking bird and, as is well known, parrots, starlings and some members of the crow family are often gifted mimics. The Indian mynah bird in particular shows a capacity for "picking up" not only tunes and phrases, but even the prevalent accent of the company in which it chances to find itself.

It has repeatedly been observed at the Zoo, for example, that tame talking mynahs, received from owners in Scotland, Wales or the North of England, after a brief sojourn in Regent's Park exchange whatever accents they arrived with for Cockney. The accuracy with which these birds reproduce sounds has at times caused the Zoo some embarrassment. An Indian mynah, for example, caged near the park, would so perfectly render an imitation of the football referee's familiar whistle as frequently to interrupt a match, and so much trouble was caused by this bird that it eventually had to be found a less sporting environment. In like manner a parrot once, that was accommodated at the Zoo with a perch on the Canal bank, often caused horse-drawn barges on the Canal to come to a standstill by vociferating "Whoa! there!" a cry, which to the bird's delight, seldom failed to invoke a stream of picturesque rhetoric from the disgruntled bargee.

The vast army of the invertebrates, though necessarily without vocal apparatus of any kind, are not always silent. Amongst insects are innumerable instrumentalists, and it is probable that in many instances the mating instinct inspires all such efforts. Grasshoppers and crickets scrape their legs against their wing cases, with the results we all know. Human appreciation of the grasshopper's somewhat monotonous theme varies considerably. In Japan, for example, so great is the general appreciation of this "music" that many a business man goes forth to his office with bowler hat and neatly rolled umbrella, carrying, besides the traditional attaché case, a tiny bamboo cage containing a grasshopper or cricket. The insect orchestra no doubt competes agreeably with the less tuneful solo of the typewriter. Still more famous is the high-pitched song of the male cicada, produced by two vibratory membranes on the abdomen. Many classic poets

have immortalised the cicada's song, and one has sung of these plant-bugs :

Happy the cicadas' lives
Since they all have have silent wives

The squeaking sounds made by the Death's Head Moth and Musk Beetle are caused by friction at the join of head and thorax. The mosquito's high-pitched song is produced by a special apparatus of the wings, and seems to have some significance for the insect emitting it. An Italian engineer, noticing how the note of a dynamo attracted the insects, arranged a highly charged wire screen nearby, and, to the relief of the humans in the vicinity, the insects hurling themselves upon this in apparent ecstasies came to a violent end.

E. G. BOULENGER

COLLOQUE IMAGINAIRE

The Duce . . . set the pace . . . at such a speed that Herr Hitler had difficulty in keeping up with him.

Signor Mussolini arrived in his special train (at Essen) soon after 8 a.m. He was received on the platform by Herr Hitler, whose special train had arrived a quarter of an hour earlier.

News items. Sept. 27th

THE two dictators, seated cheek by jowl
Converse with smiles more horrid than their scowl.

—You're fatter, Führer, since I saw you last.
—Duce, it was not planned to run so fast.

—You ought to exercise, or ride at least.
—*Nein, nein !* The horse is not a Nordic beast.

—Here is some gargle from my own supplies,
I heard your throat was phut.—Bolshevik lies !

You like my blondes, for racial rapture ripe ?
—As cradle-fillers, good ; but not my type.

—What will you dine on ? Make yourself at home.
—Why, Wienerschnitzel, as it's cooked in Rome !

Is this herd docile, Führer, which I view ?
—*Ja !* By my order they are cheering *you.*

The axis, you have brought it, if you please ?
—*Si.* Packed inside my bullet-proof valise.

—The wave of public joy is now rehearsed.
See you at Krupps. *But let me get there first !*

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

SALVATION FROM GENEVA

SIR,—Your very readable account last week of the discussion of Spanish affairs in the League's Assembly included the comment that a realist cannot look for salvation from Geneva. Perhaps you are right. Realists are apt to be shortsighted. But who can doubt that, taking a long view, one might as well hope to govern Britain by means of county councils without the help of Westminster or Whitehall as to govern continental Europe—a smaller land than Canada—by means of twenty-five independent States without the help of some central authority ? And where are we to look for that central authority if not to Geneva ? However embryonic the present League may be, there is no other to which we may look to apply the principle of human interdependence in all its aspects—political, social, economic, hygienic and humanitarian.

That may be why so many of us Britons have never shared the prevalent feeling of disillusionment and despair about the League, and why we hold with the idealist at the Foreign Office that the only alternative to Geneva is catastrophe and chaos.

The Athenaeum, S.W.1. MAXWELL GARNETT

UNION OF DEMOCRATIC CONTROL

SIR,—May we, two of the original signatories of the Union of Democratic Control, seek the courtesy of your columns to appeal on behalf of an organisation which dates from the early days of the war. The U.D.C. was formed in September, 1914, by a small band of public men who saw that the war would undermine democracy and that any decent settlement at the end of the war was unlikely. Although at that time such views were regarded as almost equivalent to treason, the small band who were the Union's original founders included one man who was within a few years to become Prime Minister, another Chancellor of the Exchequer, another Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, another President of the Board of Education and others Members of Parliament and leaders in several spheres.

The work of these men within the U.D.C. had at first helped to produce the change of opinion which up to six or seven years ago seemed to denote a general advance. That advance has not been maintained. The need of such work as the U.D.C. set out to do under war conditions is even greater to-day. If democratic control was vital in 1914, what should be said of its deep need in 1937 ? The same fight has to be carried on in a somewhat different terrain, unless freedom, self-government and democracy are indeed to perish from the earth.

The U.D.C. has developed a unique type of research organisation and published pamphlets and memoranda containing information unobtainable elsewhere. Such pamphlets as *The Secret International*, *Patriotism Ltd.*, *Poison Gas*, *Germany Tells the World* and *Eastern Menace* have covered a wide range of foreign affairs and exercised an incalculable influence. The *Secret International*, for instance, has sold over 100,000 copies and been translated into seven languages. There can be no doubt that the publication of the facts in this pamphlet led to the appointment of the Senatorial Arms Commission in the United States, and by example, in this country to the Royal Commission on the Private Manufacture of and Traffic in Arms.

In regard to the war in Spain, the U.D.C. has published various Memoranda, has distributed over half a million copies of pamphlets, has organised an Exhibition of first-hand documentary material proving Italian and German intervention in Spain and has arranged dozens of Conferences in all parts of the country.

Since Japan embarked on the policy of " bringing China to her knees " by bombing civilians, there has been an unprecedented demand for reliable information about the Far East, for speakers and for suggestions of ways in which democracy here can help the cause of Chinese democracy. Meetings with Chinese speakers have already been arranged in many parts of the country and a full programme has been prepared of other activities, including the preparation and distribution of literature explaining the background and significance of the present struggle in the Far East. It is at this juncture that the U.D.C. for the first time finds itself seriously hampered by lack of funds. The demand for immediate work cannot be met without money and a larger staff. The U.D.C. needs £1,000 now. May we appeal for new subscribers and ask those who are already supporters to increase their support ? Subscriptions should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, U.D.C., 34 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

The Union of Democratic Control, 34 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. J. A. HOBSON NORMAN ANGELL

JAPANESE AGGRESSION

SIR,—I should like to thank the writers of the many letters I have received on the subject of my article in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION " How Japan could be stopped." Many suggest the formation of an organisation to agitate for economic pressure to be exerted on Japan.

A " China Campaign Committee " has recently been formed with headquarters at the Union of Democratic Control. The Committee's objects are stated to be as follows :—

> To rouse public sympathy and practical support of the British people for the people of China in her present struggle against Japanese aggression ; to provide funds for medical and refugee services and to supply first-hand information of the situation.

This is not a very concrete programme in so far as agitation for economic pressure on Japan is concerned. The China Campaign Committee is, however, arranging meetings all over the country which could be used to rally public opinion in support of an embargo on exports to Japan and a boycott of Japanese goods, as

well as for arousing sympathy for China and collecting funds for relief. I therefore suggest that those who wish to help should communicate with the secretary, Miss Dorothy Woodman. Also that they should, wherever possible, organise public meetings at which the demand for an embargo and a boycott should be put forward, and write letters to their local M.P.s and press.

68 Jessel House, Judd Street, W.C.1. FREDA UTLEY

SIR,—I read "How Japan Could Be Stopped" by Miss Freda Utley with interest. I agree with her. There has been too much talk in regard to important issues such as the barbaric attack on Chinese cities by the Japanese. The last two years have been dangerous years. Unless something more effective is done than what has been attempted in the past I am afraid war will spread over the world like some dangerous plague.

The only effective manner in which we can assist in calling a halt to the barbarism of the Japanese is as Miss Utley suggests. To-day I was about to purchase a hundred million straws at a favourable price from a Japanese firm. The bombardment of Canton convinced me that I would be a party to further bombardments if I helped in any way the Japanese to secure further resources. So I refused to sign the contract.

It is not enough that business men refuse to buy Japanese goods; what of the mothers of children throughout the whole of the British Empire? Why not start a boycott of all Japanese goods sold in British shops?

Talk has failed, why not try a little action?

Black & White Milk Bars Ltd., 68 Fleet Street, E.C.4. HUGH D. McINTOSH *Managing Director*

DICTATOR OF GIJON

SIR,—Your readers may have noticed that in a recent issue of the *Times* their correspondent at Hendaye speaks of "Señor Belarmino Tomas, the new Anarchist dictator of Gijon" in connection with two thousand hostages of Franco's party whose release the British Embassy is endeavouring to secure. In the violently pro-Fascist atmosphere of Hendaye and Gibraltar everyone who is not on Franco's side is called either a Communist or an Anarchist, but one does not expect a special correspondent of the *Times* to make a howler of this sort. For Señor Tomas is a very well-known Socialist of moderate views, i.e., not even a Marxist, who has for many years played a leading role in Spanish politics.

The *Times* is now veering over to what it thinks will be the winning side in Spain; it will make the most of these two thousand hostages whose lives are perhaps in danger; it will close its eyes to the ten or twenty thousand Government sympathisers at Gijon whom nothing can now save from the firing squad. That is not a very noble nor a very humanitarian policy, though it is useless to complain of it. But it is a different matter with regard to gross errors of fact. Recent *Times* correspondents at Madrid and at Bilbao have set a high standard in impartial reporting. It is a pity that the *Times* should also employ correspondents who are not only prejudiced but ignorant. GEORGE BEATON

THE CASE OF MR. VERNON

SIR,—I draw your attention to the reports of a trial which took place on September 23rd at the Surrey Quarter Sessions at Kingston. Four men were charged with breaking into a bungalow at Farnham, and stealing a quantity of books and documents, the property of a civil servant, Mr. Vernon.

The Court allowed defending counsel to cross-examine Mr. Vernon extensively as to his political beliefs, in particular whether he was a Communist and a member of the Left Book Club. Mr. Vernon admitted he was a member of the Left Book Club. According to the report in the *Times*, one of the defendants said "his purpose in going to Farnham was to secure seditious and Bolshevist literature, which was in Mr. Vernon's house. They were engaged for about 20 minutes in pushing the books and documents into attaché cases and suit cases. They wanted to take them to Whitehall."

According to the *Times*, the Chairman in summing up to the jury said, *inter alia*, "The jury might if they were satisfied find defendants not guilty of stealing the allegedly subversive documents, but guilty of stealing attaché cases and articles of clothing." The jury found the defendants guilty of theft, and they were bound over for 12 months.

Sir, for reasons you will appreciate, I have no comments to make on this trial. I do ask, however, whether members of Left political parties and organisations have now any civil rights left at all?

In 1934 Fascists were brutally assaulting people by the score and indubitably causing a breach of the peace at Olympia. The Home Secretary at the time said the police had no right of entry into Olympia, unless they were invited there by the Fascists. Very shortly after this, it was held that the police had a right to be present at a meeting of Communists in South Wales, as they (the police) had anticipated a breach of the peace (Thomas *v.* Sawkins, 1935) despite the fact that the promoters of the meeting told the police to get out.

Under the Incitement to Disaffection Act 1934, it is necessary to get a search warrant from a Judge of the High Court before a search can take place for seditious literature. But will the police go to this trouble if people convicted of stealing alleged subversive literature are only bound over? I enclose my card.

COUNTY SOLICITOR

SIR,—Many of your readers will have read with interest the case tried before the Surrey Quarter Sessions bench at Kingston on September 23rd in which four men were accused of breaking and entering the house of Mr. W. F. Vernon at Farnham. The defence was that the men thought they were doing a service to their country since Mr. Vernon possessed a number of Left-wing books and pamphlets which the men stole to the tune of £17 15*s*. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty of housebreaking but guilty of theft and the men were bound over for 12 months.

On reference to my library I find that I possess books written by Christians of all varieties, agnostics, atheists, Conservatives, Liberals, Fascists, Socialists, Communists, horticulturalists, ornithologists, entomologists, vegetarians, total abstainers, Englishmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, Welshmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Russians and Americans, to name but a few. Is anyone who happens to disapprove of the views of any of these writers entitled to break into my house, remove such portions of my library as he happens to dislike and be confident that, by pleading patriotic motives, he will get away with being bound over for 12 months? YELLOWSHIRT

[These letters are referred to in our "Comments" on an earlier page.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE NURSING PROFESSION

SIR,—It seems to me that the article in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of September 18th, entitled "A Poor Job for a Girl, But . . ." needs a rejoinder. I speak from my own experience of three years at the London Hospital, as probationer, staff nurse, and sister. The matron maintained that any increase in the nurse's salary would result in lowering the standard of the entrants, as women would then be encouraged to take it up for the sake of the salary, and not as a vocation, feeling that hospital nursing was the one and only work they could be interested in.

I started nursing several years ago with a salary of £12 a year, raised to £30 as sister. We worked 84 hours per week, with two hours off duty daily, in daylight. Applications for admission were four times greater than vacancies, and probationers had to be between twenty-five and thirty years of age. Compare that with present conditions; nurses now start at £30 a year, have three hours off duty daily, and a whole day once a fortnight, and can start training at nineteen years of age.

Mr. Louis Borrill lays great stress on the underpayment of nurses, but he omits to say that they earn a salary from the moment they enter the wards, and also earn pensions. In no other profession is an untrained worker paid during her period of training. A probationer's salary of £30 a year, all found, leaves her surely far better off financially than the usual typist's pay of £2 10*s*. to £3 a week, out of which she has to keep herself, and pay her travelling expenses. None of the large London or provincial hospitals demands a premium and there are no "initial expenses." Therefore there is nothing to deter girls from elementary schools from entering, provided that they have been well-educated. And yet Mr. Borrill alleges that suitable girls "are kept out by finanical difficulties!" Among my fellow-probationers were many girls who had been domestic servants, and educated at elementary schools.

In spite of the long hours, I never had a day's illness in three years, and always had a good appetite for the excellent plain food

provided, and was perfectly happy. It seems to me amazing that girls nowadays prefer the deadly and sedentary life of tapping a typewriter, year in and year out, to the absorbingly interesting and active work of a hospital, with the thrill and satisfaction of seeing, for instance, a broken and crushed bread-winner return cured to his work, after a few weeks, and feel that one has contributed a good deal to the result!

If every girl would put in even six months' hospital training, what an enormous advantage it would be to her and her family in after years. Not only on account of the actual nursing experience, but also for the training in house-work, cookery, and the practical side of life, as well as in punctuality, discipline, self-control, and self-forgetfulness.

As for the "military atmosphere" prevailing, and "the pettifogging restrictions," and "slavery," I should like to ask Mr. Borrill how he would manage and control 300 or so nurses, without restrictions! These are no more irksome than in most private families. Most of the latter would object to baths after 10 p.m., and if nurses are not in their bedrooms by that time, and lights out by 10.30, how are they to get their proper amount of sleep, and keep fit?

I don't know what Mr. Borrill regards as "the menial work of the ward." This is done by ward maids. He mentions "repulsive and routine jobs"; if any nurse considers her job as "repulsive," she has certainly no business to be a nurse; it is hard lines on the patient.

I fail to see what Mr. Borrill means by writing "the nurse has no defined status, educationally, socially, or professionally." What "status" have the office-worker, governess, dressmaker, and countless other women workers? Every properly trained nurse has her certificate of training from a recognised hospital, which is just as good a voucher of her skill as a doctor's degree is to him.

The National Council of Women who advocated "instruction during the last years at school in subjects forming the basis of the nurse's curriculum," seem never to have heard of the St. John Ambulance lectures on First Aid and Nursing. These are inexpensive and available to all, though they scarcely take the place of practical work.

I. K. CHITTY

THE PRICE OF FUR

SIR,—Only because the real and vital issue raised originally under this heading seems likely to be lost sight of, do I ask for a little more of your space. Mr. Grant Watson, as I understood him, called attention to the cruelty practised upon foxes in order to provide women with smart fur coats. Mr. Brown then came in to assure us that animals did not feel pain as much as we supposed and that any way they could not reason. Another correspondent is quoted as saying that Cruelty is a Matter of Taste. I protest—I protest most strongly. Cruelty is not a matter of taste but a violation of ethics. That sympathy with other organisms in which morality consists is itself the expression of that social instinct which, beginning with the family, spread to the tribe and must ultimately embrace all sentient creatures. In some imperfectly developed individuals that sympathy may be limited to human beings, just as in those even less developed, it may not go beyond the Aryan race or the inhabitants of Turnham Green. From this sentiment arises all disinterested political, as well as directly, humane action. If you deny the right of the dog to consideration, you will presently be argued into denying it to the Hottentot or the unemployable. The history of civilisation is the slow broadening out of sympathy.

It could not have been to assist this broadening-out that Mr. Brown intervened. He must know that his theory could be used as a defence of cruelty. The hard and fast line which he attempts to draw between reason and other mental processes, I take leave to say, is utterly opposed to the facts of existence. Does an infant reason?—and at what age does the thinking faculty in the human being deserve that name? It was Huxley, I think, who said that you never could be sure a crayfish was not self-conscious, since to say so you would have to be a crayfish. Mr. Brown cheerfully admits that hundreds of instances of intelligence in animals are published every day; but he refers me to Pavlov! I prefer to trust the evidence derived from personal observation and association with dogs extending over many years to reports from the laboratory on the behaviour of the same animals kept under abnormal conditions for the purpose of experiment. As to the term pseudo-scientist, I do not hesitate to apply it to the zoologist who makes no distinction between the dog's reaction to pain and the mechanical release of a steel trap.

There are many devotees of science who would like to arrest the swelling tide of sympathy. But science will be damned ere that tide is dammed.

EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE

12 Durham Terrace, W.2.

THE BREAK UP OF THE PRISON SYSTEM

SIR,—Mr. Gardner is probably right in his assumption that any radical change in our treatment of law breakers is very far distant because, as he implies, it involves a change in the "average British human nature." I hope, however, he has not forgotten that it is a well-established tradition of this country that changes in our social institutions are very rarely initiated by governments, but are adopted by them as a result of experiments carried out by voluntary organisations. This is as true of penal methods as anything else, and it is as true to-day as it has ever been. We cannot expect our officials to do much more then reflect the attitude of the general public, but in the meantime voluntary organisations are doing their best by example and precept to amend that attitude.

The work of the Howard League is well known, but more should be known of organisations which are actually treating delinquents, such as The Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency, and Q Camps. These two organisations are in a sense effecting that ideal amalgamation of prison and hospital to which Mr. Gardner refers. The Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency is Mr. Gardner's "Out-Patient" clinic and Q Camps take the "In-Patients."

The first Q Camp, now just over a year old, aims at providing an alternative to prison for young men whose delinquencies are not yet severe enough to merit a Borstal sentence. The method of the camp is based on the assumption that diagnosis must precede treatment, and an effort is made with the help of expert medical and psychiatric opinion first to find the causes of each individual's maladjustment, and then to elaborate the course of treatment most likely to remove that maladjustment. The camp itself is conducted on enlightened and progressive lines and is much more experimental than a State-run institution could venture to be in the present state of public opinion.

That public opinion is not yet ready for radical change is unfortunately shown by the extreme difficulty experienced by this organisation in keeping its financial head above water.

Zoological Society of London, Regent's Park, N.W.8.

JULIAN S. HUXLEY

AN AIR RAID FILM

SIR,—We, the undersigned group of scientists, were authors of a book published in February, 1937, entitled *The Protection of the Public from Aerial Attack*. In this book we described experiments in which the Government's recommendations for passive defence against air attacks were examined, and in many respects found to fall far short of the claims made for them. These results, though they have attracted the attention of Government authorities, have not been refuted on scientific grounds.

In the months elapsing since the publication of this book, the importance of the Air Raid Precautions question has steadily grown. The scheme for appointing an army of Wardens has been developed, the dispute between national and local authorities over the cost of the measures has come to a head, and announcements have been made in Parliament of the large-scale manufacture of a type of mask which we believe to be unsatisfactory.

A Committee has been set up to embody our experimental material in a film. Even an instructional or "documentary" film reaches a much wider public than a book, and films present information in a way which is at once easily understood and vividly retained by the memory. We hope that the film will be distributed among the news cinemas of the country, and it will also be available at a minimum cost through one of the largest film libraries, to peace societies and all who are interested in the subject of Air Raid Precautions.

It is the aim of this film to present a scientific examination of the probable nature of air attack, particularly gas attack, on civilians, and of the means which are recommended to combat it. It will not advocate any remedy for the deficiencies which we have demonstrated. Policy should be based on dispassionate knowledge, and we believe that the cause of peace will be strengthened by a scientific estimate of the value of the recommendations and the contrast between this estimate and the official claims. By provoking discussion and stimulating thought the film will contribute towards balanced and reasonable action.

The production of the film will be in the hands of Messrs. Gaumont British Instructional, Ltd.; their co-operation will ensure that the highest technical standards are maintained and the best value secured for the money spent. They have made a careful estimate of the cost of the film on the basis of its complete script, and find that it will amount to £600. The running time of the film will be approximately 10 minutes; it will be made available both in 35 mm. (standard) and in 16 mm. (sub-standard) form, and in each size there will be a sound and silent version, the latter being supplied with a printed commentary which will correspond to the spoken commentary of the sound film.

In view of its value to the cause of peace we are making an appeal for contributions towards the cost of the film. Dr. J. Needham, of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, is acting as Treasurer; cheques should be made payable and sent direct to "The Treasurer, Cambridge Scientists' Film Committee," Barclay's Bank, Cambridge. The Secretary, Mr. R. E. B. Makinson, St. John's College, Cambridge, will be glad to send further particulars.

J. D. BERNAL, M.A., F.R.S. — J. S. TURNER, M.A., Ph.D.
A. F. W. HUGHES, M.A., Ph.D. — D. H. VALENTINE, M.A.
JOSEPH NEEDHAM, Sc.D. — C. H. WADDINGTON, M.A.
N. W. PIRIE, M.A. — W. A. WOOSTER, M.A., Ph.D.
Cambridge.

WOMEN AT GENEVA

SIR,—Your issue of Sept. 25th states on page 434 "A discussion on the Status of Women petered right out." I have returned from the League, by air, to-day. The above statement is *totally* incorrect. I trust it will be corrected.

At the first committee meeting on the subject both the Russian and Irish delegations complained that the matter had been rushed on them before they had time to study thoroughly the documents presented and asked for an adjournment, as such an important subject must be carefully discussed. This adjournment motion was carried, and six days later the subject again came up and the debate lasted two mornings, during which at least twenty-six delegates spoke, including Great Britain, with the result that the question is to receive international attention. The exact procedure to be followed was to be submitted to the Assembly in a day or so. In the interest of truth and the many women who have worked for this measure of justice I trust you will correct your statement.

52 Princes House, L. P. LITTLEJOHN
London, W.11.

NEWS

SIR,—Recently I passed three newsagents' shops in two different towns. I enclose without comment faithful copies of the placards displayed outside.

SHOP NO. 1.

News Chronicle: "Sunk Ships: Soviet Accuses Italy."
Telegraph: "Britain Determined to End Piracy."
Morning Post: "Russia Accuses Italy."
Mirror: "Duke of Windsor and His Brother."
Mail: "Italy's Curt Reply to Soviet Note."
Daily Herald: "New Easy Knitting Competition."

SHOP NO. 2.

Morning Post: T.U.C. to Call in Scientists."
News Chronicle: "Bevin Calls for Public Works Plan."
Mirror: "Bandits Try to Hold Up Tommy Farr."
Times: "Japan's Reply to Britain."
Daily Herald: "Great Free £2,500 Radio Contest."

SHOP NO. 3.

Daily Sketch: "Russia and Italy Tension."
Daily Express: "Sensational Russian Note to Italy."
Bristol Evening Post: "More British Destroyers Arrive in Mediterranean."
Daily Herald: "Last Night's Football: Special Reports."

56 Westbourne Avenue, Hull. LAWRENCE MUFFITT

PUBLICITY FOR DOCTORS

SIR,—Yesterday the Medical Officer of Health wrote warning me that, owing to the Public Health Act, 1936, coming into force on October 1st, I must no longer use the expression "Puerperal Fever," but must substitute for it, "Puerperal Pyrexia." At first it is not easy to see why, for both expressions mean exactly the same thing to the ordinary person. However, there *may* be a perfectly sound reason underlying. Many primitive folk believe fervently that there is magic, often malevolent, in a word, and seek safety by never using it. Can it be that the Ministry of Health, turning to folklore, hopes to abolish a scourge by the simple device of not mentioning it? It may be. Stranger things than that have happened in the realm of official medicine.

Walsall. FRANK G. LAYTON

TOSCANINI AND FURTWÄNGLER

SIR,—Averse as I am from labelling myself so that what I write may be understood by those who cannot or do not read it, I must nevertheless object to Lady Oxford's description of my article *Toscanini versus Furtwängler* as an attack on Toscanini.

Since my sympathy is (as I even stated!) with Toscanini, I might take Lady Oxford's letter as an unconscious testimony to my having tried to be just to Furtwängler, were it not that it is obvious that Lady Oxford has not read my article, but only the letters on it appearing in the following issue, and, imagining Toscanini had been attacked, has rushed in to his support with her usual impulsive warm-heartedness. W. J. TURNER

29 Sussex Place,
Regent's Park,
N.W.1.

AN EXHIBITION OF SPANISH DRAWINGS

SIR,—May I draw the attention of your readers to an exhibition of Spanish Children's drawings to be held by the Holborn and W.C. Committee for Spanish Medical Aid at the Showrooms of Paul and Marjorie Abbatt, at 94, Wimpole Street, from October 1st to 15th.

The drawings form part of a children's exhibition held in Valencia during May, to which schools throughout Government Spain were invited to send exhibits. It consists of 118 pictures by children between the ages of nine and fifteen. Many of them are refugees from Madrid and Malaga, and it is not surprising that the predominant theme is aerial bombardment. Some of the drawings show real originality, others are undoubtedly influenced by war propaganda. But all show in a terribly vivid way the effect of war on the minds of children.

Mr. David Low will open the exhibition on October 1st at 3.15, and all proceeds from the sale of an illustrated catalogue and postcard reproductions of the drawings will go to Spanish Medical Aid. HELEN STARNSON,
(Hon Secretary, Holborn and West Central Committee for Spanish Medical Aid,
6, Gordon Square, W.C.1.)

POLICE COURTS

SIR,—Lawyers prophesied that the new motoring offences would draw the attention of the powerful middle class to the unfairness of criminal administration. Most lawyers would agree with nearly all the reforms already suggested to you, but it seems clear that widely spread Courts cannot administer a common system of justice unless appeal is easy. Everyone knows that appeals are not now worth while except in serious cases involving long terms of imprisonment, and even then it is more than probable that the term will in fact be lengthened.

The police, and their puppets, the magistrates, instinctively (but possibly without malice) realise and abuse their monopoly. Simple procedural changes could take this monopoly away, and the mere risk of appeals entailing caustic remarks by Judges would have the desired cleansing effect. Incidentally, it would encourage the magistrates to learn a little law. We come again, however, to the fundamental problem in all law reform, which is the apparent inability of a British Government to afford the expense of additional Judges. AMBROSE E. APPLEBE

7 New Square,
Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2.

Miscellany

"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE"

MR. PRIESTLEY'S latest play at the Royalty Theatre is also connected with the time-theme, though it rests on a far more complicated metaphysic. Indeed, so complicated (if not so confused) that only part of the thought is translatable in terms of drama, and the rest has to be conveyed through the

mouth of one of the characters, Dr. Gortler. It is not, therefore, so satisfactory a play as *Time and the Conways*, which could be enjoyed from beginning to end without intellectual assent to the underlying idea.

The dramatic situation in *I Have Been Here Before* is that one of a group of four characters, knows, like a Greek chorus, the results of the actions of others. Mr. and Mrs. Ormund (he is a rich, heavy-drinking business-man, and they are unhappily mated) meet at a Yorkshire Inn a young schoolmaster, between whom and Mrs. Ormund an irresistible attraction springs up at first sight. The result of this encounter would have been that the lovers went off and the husband shot himself, bringing disaster on many and ruin to the young pair of lovers. But the fourth character, Dr. Gortler, an adept at travelling Dunne-wise into the future, has before the play begins (in a dream if you like to call it so) heard from the lips of Mrs. Ormund the whole story of the events which *led up to* the " present " misery of herself and her " present " husband, the young schoolmaster. Dr. Gortler has come to this inn to test the validity of his premonition about three people whom he had never heard of except in what we may call a dream. There the three of them are! Their characters and even their names are what he anticipated. This situation of one character knowing the future, and of the rest being ignorant of the consequences of actions they are strongly impelled to take, has the dramatic force of Greek irony. It is also exciting to those of the audience who are seeing the play for the first time, or do not know the upshot. The substantial dramatic thread is a gradually growing conviction in the husband and the lovers that this strange old professor knows more about them than they do themselves, and what will become of them all. It is extremely adroitly managed. And its climax is that Dr. Gortler succeeds in convincing Walter Ormund that he must let his wife go and *not* shoot himself. That is to say, Gortler alters for the better by intervention the futures of all concerned, which had already happened! It looks like a contradiction. But the metaphysic behind Mr. Priestley's play is apparently that there are an infinite number of alternative futures before any one of us, each of which may be foreseen and are in a sense " real "—already lived. You can imagine that this is not an easy idea to grasp when it is promulgated from the stage, especially when it is mixed up with the conception of Pre-existence too.

But there is a tension in the play which the audience shares. When the divining professor seemingly departs carrying with him the knowledge of what is going to happen, that uncertainty is acutely felt by us (end of Act II); and we cannot fail to be profoundly interested in at least one character throughout. Walter Ormund is thoroughly conceived by the dramatist, and Mr. Walter Lawson plays him with such astonishing force and care that the part becomes a masterpiece of collaborative creation. The weakness of the play is that we do not believe in the strength of the love between Mrs. Ormund and Oliver Farrant. Few things are less interesting, unless handled by a poet, that " love at first sight." The suggestion is that in " other possible lives " or in past lives they had yielded to it, and therefore felt it as overwhelming. It is (we do not feel it) meant to be as strong as Ormund's impulse to shoot himself, which he had yielded to in the past-future as Dr. Gortler foresaw, and had been responsible for making him the man haunted by a dread of fatality whom we watched with such intense interest. There is a confusion in his play I cannot get clear. Was it " a possible life " or one actually lived through that Dr. Gortler foresaw? Sometimes Mr. Priestley makes him talk as though he held the one view, sometimes the other. At the close certainly the suggestion is that the Ormunds would have gone on repeating the disastrous cycle of their old lives had not Gortler's intervention and Ormund's self-control broken it. Mr. Casson played him admirably, and he also deserves great credit for the production. In the minor part of the landlord's daughter, Miss Eileen Beldon acted with complete artistic naturalness.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

MEANS TEST

HE was an old man, short and heavily built, though the once broad shoulders were now stooped. He was standing by the window in the little kitchen. For some ten minutes now he had been standing there, looking out, though what he stared at nobody could tell. Nobody really cared. The old man seemed to be waiting for news. Behind him, seated on a low black chair, was a young woman. She sat with her arms folded in her lap. Her arms were bared to the elbow. Neither spoke. The old man's eyes watered as freely as a ripe melon, and from time to time he took a large white handkerchief from his pocket and dabbed rather than rubbed his eyes with it. The fire in the grate had burned low, but the young woman made no attempt to replenish it. This she would do from a large-size child's sand-bucket. It was filled with all black-looking rubbish which he foraged for every morning. He called it " back pay," she called it " smalls." A large wooden table in the middle of the floor contained the debris. of the morning's breakfast. It gave the impression of being hastily left, as though one of the sitters had been hurriedly summoned to some task or other. The two other chairs were pushed in beneath it. Two cups and saucers with spilled tea, the morning newspaper splashed with it, broken bread, a large salt-cellar full of sugar, a cup without a handle containing milk. From time to time a gust of black soot blew down the chimney, filling the air with its acrid odour. Over the mantelshelf there hung a cheap oleograph of King Edward VII. An alarm-clock that never rang now and minus the hour hand, was the only other furnishing of the mantelshelf. The floor was stone, covered with a straw matting, much worn; its threads like feelers pawed across the stone flags. The old man coughed, moved from one side of the window to the other, rested on this leg, then on that, helped by a heavy stick.

He never once turned round to speak to the young woman, and she herself seemed quite indifferent. Indeed, her grandfather did not exist. Her orbit of vision was the stone floor; for some time she studied a crack in one of the cleanly scrubbed stone flags. People passed and repassed the window. The young woman never looked up, her grandfather just went on dabbing his eyes. Lying at his feet was a small oil-cloth shopping bag. A worn tie hung out of it. The bag was full. It contained all his worldly belongings. They were both waiting. Once the young woman made an attempt as though she meant to re-stoke the fire, for she half rose in the chair, then with a curious expression upon her face, she sat down again, as though movement were painful, futile. The black cat came in through the open back-kitchen window, walked to the mat, lay down, stretched itself, looked up at the young woman, but she did not appear to see it. It went across to the old man, curled itself against his leg, walked round him, purring. It jumped on the table, smelt about, began lapping the milk in the broken cup. The woman in the chair looked at it as though horrified, but she did not move. Upstairs a room door banged loudly, its sound had a cavernous effect, it echoed and re-echoed through the house. A strong draught blew in through the kitchen door. In the street dogs were barking, fighting. The old man began fumbling with his vest pocket, and after a minute or two he dragged out a worn, well-rubbed gun-metal watch and noted the time. Half-past ten. It took him much longer to put the watch back in his pocket. It made him cough a lot. A loud knock came to the door. At last the woman got up, crossed the kitchen and opened the door. A little man, wearing a shabby overcoat, almost precipitated himself into the kitchen, a roll of cheap oil-cloth dragging at his heels. The woman quickly put out her foot, stopped him. She pushed the little man right back into the street. " For Christ's sake," the man said, as the door slammed in his face.

The old man seemed quite indifferent to anything and everything, he had not noticed the incident at all. He just went on looking out through the window at the grey, leaden sky, leaning heavily on his stick, handkerchief at the ready in his left

hand. His lips were trembling, he slobbered a little, wiped this with a violently shaking hand.

The young woman went to the mantelshelf and picked up the alarm-clock, shook it violently, put its face to her ear, shook it again, banged it down on the shelf again, and a cloud of dust arose in the air. She resumed her seat by the wall. It was so silent she could hear the tick of her grandfather's watch. Her thick black hair, undone, hung slovenly about her ears and shoulders. The expression upon her face never changed, as though it were fleshed there for all time. She heard the old man's feet beginning to shuffle on the stone floor. It would be growing restlessness in him, she thought. She began looking at her hands, first one, then the other. They were very red, she flopped them about, they seemed lifeless. They were shaped by toil. As she began to bite her nails the back door opened and her husband came in. She did not look at him, even when he crossed to the table, and taking some coins from his pocket, placed them on it. The old man had not turned round, though he realised the man's presence by the rattle of the money. He turned suddenly now and stared across at the young man.

The husband was a young man about thirty. He had not worked for five and a half years. He wore a blue serge suit, the trousers of which shone like glass when they caught the light. A white scarf round his neck and a check cap pulled down over one eye completed his dress. His boots, heavily covered with dubbin, seemed to be made up of crude patches of varying kinds of leather. He took a white form from his pocket, also a ten shilling note, and crossing the kitchen, laid them in the young woman's lap. His wife looked up at him. Her expression was as wooden as before. She picked up the ten shilling note, straightened it out; it crackled in her rough hands. Then she picked up the coins, counted them, then let them fall noisily into her lap again. Her husband went up to the old man, patted him on the shoulder. She thought he would speak to her grandfather, but he said no word. He spat into the low fire, lit a half cigarette, then put a shovelfull of "back pay" on the dying fire. The hour had put a premium upon his tongue. He stood looking at the newly-stoked fire, hands in his pockets.

Now the old man turned away from the window. He looked at them both. His lips moved as though he were going to say something, and something like fear appeared in the young woman's face, for she picked up the money and the white form. She took a half-crown from the coins, closing her fist on the remainder. The old man lowered his eyes. They were standing face to face. He began scratching his chin, rubbing his lined forehead. He appeared to be trying to think. Of course, his going was a wrench, not to them, of course—he knew that—but then, if he went it would help them no end. Had he not seen her smile when the money fell into her lap? That secret smile he knew so well. Yes, and he could see that she had not far to go now. There was the child to think about. He felt a little sick in his stomach. It was the going, the step into the street, the separation from his chair, the little world of all his days, world of the past, many memories, yes, it was the stepping out from the quiet of the chair into lodgings, into the greater world, the jungle. But then times had changed. He knew that. The world had a bit of a crack in it, he had no doubt. By his going he helped. So now he would go. It meant a few shillings more to them. He could see by looking at her husband that he had been successful with the official this morning. He would say nothing. Go very quietly. Here she was coming towards him now, her husband with his back to both of them, for he was still staring into the fire. The woman took her grandfather's right hand, a thumbless hand—it had been blown off when he was a boy in the pit. She pressed the half-crown into his palm, closed his hand with her own, squeezed it. Through his bleary eyes he glimpsed the milk whiteness of her breast, she, prisoner of all that was grey. He wiped his eyes with the handkerchief, and walked slowly to the front door, leaning on his stick. She opened it for him. The husband heard it open but he did not look round. All feeling was dried up in him. He heard the shuffling step of the old man, and his heart gave a sudden thump in his breast, yet he knew not why. The old man was stepping down into the street. Soon they would be separated, worlds apart, he into the unknown amongst strangers, a few years yet to live, holding the secret dread of his kind, a morbid terror of unkindness. She to the grey fastness of her kitchen. Only now did she speak. Gripping her grandfather's two hands, she said, "Ta! Ta!" He did not reply, did not look back, and as he stepped into the street she closed the front door on him. She went back to her chair. Her husband looked across at her. He, too, saw the milk-whiteness of her breast, like a bright flower after acres of mud. "It will mean a few bob extra with his going," the man said.

The young woman rose from her chair, and with a sudden wild sweep of her hand cleared the table of its debris. "It's hard lines," the man said. She said no word, walked slowly from the kitchen. He heard her heavy tread upon the stairs.

JAMES HANLEY

REPLY TO A PACIFIST

Not in this age, but in a later time you will be right:
Here is no generation for meek inheritance
And peace a lying word. Here, in this time,
The soft answer does not deflect death from a distance;
Heart speaks a private language, heard, understood, in the house,
But abroad meaningless, unlistened to in wider world,
Drowned by the thunderous volley of blood's vernacular:
Yours an ideal not tangent with reality.

At night against the blue of the sunset sky
Torn crimson streaks like trails of war
Mirror ourselves and the future we have not chosen.
It is no longer Christ's imagined blood,
But ours, our blood streams in the firmament.
We have watered the soil with our lives,
Replenished the ocean in her time of anger,
Rivered the deserts, melted the polar world,
Spattered the tops of unimagined mountains,
Have dyed the depths of earth with open veins—
Yet it is not enough. The butchers' lust
Is not yet satisfied. There is the air
Untouched by blood; the moon, the stars,
Have not been bathed in unavailing agony;
The sun, too, might be washed.
To such your policy is provocation,
For their desire will not be sated till
The pulsing tide submerges the throne of God,
Drowning infinity in a spilt sea of blood.

GEOFFREY PARSONS

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Pygmalion," The Old Vic.

Miss Rebecca West once wrote an extremely good article on going to the Comédie française to see *La Dame aux Camélias* and finding herself and her companion in tears at the end because both of them remembered Sarah Bernhardt. Anyone who had the good fortune to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Eliza Doolittle must be pardoned for thinking the part entirely outside Miss Diana Wynyard's range. Sitting afterwards in the public-house across the way with the genial full-bosomed Donah, who was called in by Sir Herbert Tree to give Mrs. Pat a few tips, one felt the lack of that essential breadth of life in Miss Wynyard's performance that is so much part and parcel of Eliza. Charming, clever but genteel she is, and that is one thing that Eliza can never be. At Mrs. Eynsford-Hill's tea-party the stilted diction and movement needs a *tour de force*, and this Miss Wynyard can and does produce, but it is the high-water mark of her performance and the second act of four is too early for this. Mr. Robert Morley, though he seems too young for Prof. Higgins,

managers by the authority of his performance to get away with the fact that he is perhaps miscast, and Mr. Mark Dignam was admirable as Colonel Pickering. A particular word of praise for Miss Jean Cadell as Mrs. Higgins and Mr. Stephen Murray as Freddie Eynsford-Hill, who managed to produce the authentic note of idiocy without being tiresome. The prize of the evening goes to Mr. Jay Laurier, who, as Alfred Doolittle, showed what it means to have served a long apprenticeship—in this case on the music-halls—and to know exactly what effect you can get, whatever you do. A rich and satisfying piece of work. When all is said and done about the dateableness of this piece, what an extremely able, intelligent and amusing play it is and it is rapturously received at the Old Vic by an audience to whom middle-class morality is still a good joke even if the shocking word of the play has passed into everyday talk.

"Le Coq d'Or," at Covent Garden

Some fanatical lovers of Rimsky-Korsakov's opera *Le Coq d'Or* may object to this ballet, since it does not give them the whole of the music and also presents a somewhat different conception of the story, which was adapted by Bielsky from Pushkin, to that of the opera, but the majority will welcome it as one of the best achievements of Fokine and the de Basil company. The arrangement of the music by Tcherepnin could hardly be better; the scenery and costumes by Nathalie Gontcharova are among the finest decors in the whole repertory of the Russian Ballet. Here is clean colour in vivid masses, marvellously rich, fantastic and unconfused, and the certainty of the designer's taste is matched with an equal fertility of invention. The action is in itself much more interesting and varied than that of similar Fokine ballets such as *Scheherazade*, and Fokine has been able to treat it simply and directly without becoming monotonous. The role of the golden cockerel suits Riabouchinska to perfection and Baronova has a finely contrasted part in the magical queen. The performance on the first night was remarkably good considering that this ballet has been rehearsed within three weeks, and should now be brilliant. It will be surprising if *Le Coq d'Or* does not become one of the most popular ballets in the company's repertory.

Ballet at Sadler's Wells

This week Sadler's Wells reopened for the coming season with a ballet programme on the first night of Act II and "Pas de Trois" from *Le Lac des Cygnes*, Constant Lambert's *Pomona* and Frederick Ashton's skating ballet to Meyerbeer's music, *Les Patineurs*. The performance of Tchaikovsky's classic lost nothing in comparison with that by the Russians at Covent Garden; Margot Fonteyn as the Swan Queen has not quite got the brilliance and vivid attack of Danilova, but she has real charm and a solid technique; in the "Pas de Trois" Mary Honer, Elizabeth Miller and Harold Turner gave a really distinguished performance. *Pomona* suffers as a ballet from a certain indefiniteness of aim, but Pearl Argyle, who made her reappearance in it, showed that she had lost nothing by her year's absence from the stage and was a delightful Pomona. The success of the evening, however, was Ashton's *Les Patineurs*, which is a brilliant achievement, the choreography is perfectly wedded to the music and William Chappell's decor is the finest thing he has done so far. Harold Turner and Mary Honer are especially brilliant in this ballet, which has the additional merit of displaying the whole company at its very best. At the end Miss Lilian Baylis made a brief speech in which she paid a well-deserved tribute to her choreographers and to Mr. Constant Lambert, who have created at Sadler's Wells an English ballet which stands comparison with the best in the world.

Sculptures by Barbara Hepworth at the Lefevre

A new Disney film (in which Donald Duck starred) has to do with imaginary modern inventions. Alone, Donald Duck enters an exhibition hall where huge svelte machines loom upwards, filling the air with ominous shapes. This is the first impression of Miss Hepworth's exhibition. Tall monoliths, stone rings, stone balls, stone circles, stand round seeking to alarm. There is comfort in the thought that these inventions cannot take on the sudden relentless cycle of a Disney baby-minding or hair-cutting machine—modern sculpture, though it scowls ferociously, neither barks nor bites. Individually the sculptures are smooth as sand or sea could make them. But neither the indiscriminating wind nor the clumsy sea could make shapes so simple and yet so obviously made. Grouped together like this, these objects have a menacing distant kinship with human kind. The exhibition is like a burial place for the petrified remains of lives that have never been anything but stone, guarded by a square-cut stone commissionaire, symbol of the robot or inorganic man. Surrounded by all these stone faces, whose every cranny is an eye, one tries vainly to repress one's animising instinct and to detect the intrinsic qualities of the objects. Aesthetically they look clean and modern, though one suspects that the austerity conceals a lack of aesthetic stamina. But they might be sufficiently mysterious in shape and significance to awe an hysteric people, to be the totems of a totalitarian nature-cult.

The D.I.A. at Bexhill

The D.I.A. (Design and Industries Association) held its first Congress last week-end in the De La Warr pavilion at Bexhill. Mr. Herbert Read, Dr. Niklaus Pevsner and other leading figures of the Group spoke on the problems of the relationship between manufacturer and designer. While in many ways their approach to the problem is the most rational method of clearing away the rubbish that litters progress in this direction, it is curious how blind any body of people animated by a common method is to the implications of their blindness. The fetishes of "functionalism" and "fitness of purpose," both admirable tenets in their right place, have now been followed by an equally tiresome one of "no ornament." This was proclaimed with fervour, accompanied by a lack of proportion, which led one speaker to the surprising statement that he wished industrial art to get back to the simple unadorned state of the Georgian craftsman. Far the most able speech was made by Mr. Murphy, a recruit to the furniture trade from his radio business, who debunked a lot of sloppy statements in a most inspiring manner and put his own sound and rational view with equal vigour. A small exhibition of cheap textiles, pottery, etc., of "good design" contained some pieces both expensive and bad, and the chief characteristic of the exhibit was dullness. If the permanent "House of Design" the D.I.A. wish to establish is to be run on these lines, it will need powerful and frequent Boards of Destruction. It was interesting to note, *en passant*, that the Lecture Theatre in the pavilion, regarded as the high-water mark of sound modern planning by many people, was uninsulated for sound, practically unventilated and that the plaster of two of the main walls was cracked across horizontally after its short period of existence.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, October 2nd—
- United Service of Intercession for World Peace and the League of Nations, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, 3.
- Spanish Fair and Cabaret, Granville Hall, Finchley, 6.30.

SUNDAY, October 3rd—
- J. F. Horrabin on "The Purpose of Education," 153, Finchley Road, 6.15.
- Opening of South Place Sunday Concerts Season, Conway Hall, 6.30.
- Prof. Yang on "China and Our Responsibilities," Willoughby Hall, N.W.3, 8.

MONDAY, October 4th—
- S. Cash on "Rosa Luxemburg: Reform or Revolution?" 39 Doughty Street, 8.30.
- British Youth Peace Assembly Ball, Garden Club, Chesterfield Gardens, 8.30. Tickets from 15A Grosvenor Crescent.

TUESDAY, October 5th—
- Dr. Chang Peng Chun on "Latest News from China," Friends House, 1.20.
- Opening Meeting of Freda Utley's Class on the "Far East and Central Europe," London University, W.C.1, 6.15.
- Sir Laurie Hammond on "Relations with India," Manson Hall, Portland Place, 8.15.
- Dr. Norman Haire on "Transvestism," Conway Hall, 8.
- Norman Bentwich on "Palestine and the Near East," Morley College, 8.
- "The Dangerous Age," Embassy.

WEDNESDAY, October 6th—
- Protest and Action Meeting organised by Japanese Boycott Committee, Hampstead Town Hall, 8.30.

THURSDAY, October 7th—
- H. Wilson Harris on "Europe Divided," Bethnal Green Public Library," 8.30.
- "The Dead Hand," Whitehall.
- "Waiting for Lefty" and other plays. Performance by Unity Theatre for Spanish Medical Aid. St. Stephen's Hall, Pond Street, N.W.3, 8.15.

FRIDAY, October 8th—
- C. E. M. Joad on "What Progress Means," Conway Hall, 8.
- Mlle. Illakowicz on "Marshal Pilsudski—the Psychology of Greatness," Crosby Hall, 9. Tickets from Crosby Hall.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"THE learned Doctor James Thurber," as his publishers call him, is at present, I think, the most original and humorous writer living, so it is interesting to see what will become of him. Great humorists start as solitary men, their laughter is first thought to be a sign of insanity; presently everyone begins to see their jokes, or laughs with them, and they become pneumatic cushions for humanity. How will Thurber support the massive weight with which we threaten him? For many years Thurber was a newspaper reporter who expressed his private feelings by quick scribbles. His friends saw their quality and showed them to editors who stared and finally printed them, though convinced the man who drew them must be crazy. In spite of such misgivings the drawings caught on; Thurber amused and became known to millions—and at the same time he began to write. His first book, *Is Sex Necessary?* was a piece of collaboration aimed at the popular psychologists and psycho-analysts. It is very funny, on the lines of the ordinary funny book. *My Life and Hard Times* was, as its title indicates, an autobiographical sketch of early years in Columbus, Ohio, and is one of the funniest and most lovable books I know; the humour is intensely original and individual; every man, woman and dog in it has an overpowering personality. *The Middle-aged Man on the Flying Trapeze* is a collection of stories of varying quality. Some of them have an extremely penetrating savage humour of the kind which scares the ordinary person. Women are roughly handled, and, in "A Box to Hide In," Thurber shows what he feels of the attractions of the world. That story is, incidentally, one of the most alarming things in literature. But since we all long for a chance to laugh, the crowd has been growing and Thurber has now a very large audience. He himself is feeling more comfortable, and he naturally has become less savage and more serious. Thus in *Let Your Mind Alone* (Hamish Hamilton, 7*s.* 6*d.*) he returns to the subject of *Is Sex Necessary?* with an onslaught on the quack psychologists and system-mongers who sell their quick roads to success, to character building, to "mental-efficiency" and "masterful adjustment," to the American and British public. Thus, *Let Your Mind Alone* is an attack on a lot of half-baked ideas. For example, in *Sex Ex Machina* he attacks the popularisers of Freud who explain the pedestrian's wavering and hesitation in front of traffic by his sexual mal-adjustment, since "the automobile serves as a sex-symbol because of the mechanical principle involved." (The quotation is genuine and not a parody.) Thurber suggests man may recognise the menace of the machine as such.

> You can see the result, entirely unsuperinduced by sex in the strained faces and muttering lips of the people who pass you on the streets of great, highly mechanised cities. There goes a man who picked up one of those trick match-boxes that whirr in your hands, there goes a woman who tried to change a fuse without turning off the current and yonder toddles an ancient who cranked an old Reo with the spark advanced. Every person carries in his consciousness the old scar, or the fresh wound, of some harrowing misadventure with a contraption of some sort.

Near by is a picture of a *Happily mated rabbit terrified of motor car*, which has all the floppy action of Mr. Thurber's blood-hounds. He points out that rabbits are as ignorant of sex symbolism as most women are of "the mechanical principle involved" in motor cars. It is very amusing, very sensible, but much too good-tempered.

* * *

In other chapters Thurber makes fun of the professors who tell one how "to streamline one's mind," how "to worry successfully," how to impress one's superiors in business by writing crisp uncalled-for memoranda, and he breaks off suddenly to tell us how his Aunt Kate ran a large dairy successfully.

> Shouldering her way past a number of dairy workers, farm hands, and members of her family, she grasped the cream separator and began monkeying with it. In a short time she had reduced it to even more pieces than it had been in when she took hold of it. She couldn't fix it. She was just making things worse. At length she turned on the onlookers and bawled: "Why doesn't someone take this goddam thing away from me?"

Thurber has inherited and expanded his Aunt Kate's philosophy—which, as he points out, won her more love and respect than if she had behaved on the lines of the success booklets. But, though perhaps he could not tackle a separator, he scores vindictively over Dr. Sadie Shellow, sometime psychologist to the Milwaukee Railway, tripping her up in her own intelligence test

> which I can only call a paradise of errors. I find in Dr. Shellow's presentation of the problem and her solution of it, Transference, Wishful Thinking, Unconscious Sublimation, Psychological Dissociation, Gordian Knot-cutting, Cursory Enumeration, Abandonment of Specific Gravity. . . .

Most of us, in Thurber's phrase, will "string along with him" against the streamlined mind and efficiency experts. But don't let's be too rumbustious or we may be thinking that all psychologists are comic. It is fatally easy for the humorist to turn from attacking half-baked ideas to attacking ideas as such—and if he does he will be sure to have the vast majority of humanity (who were laughing at him a few years ago because they thought him crazy) "stringing along with him." I utter this solemn word of warning thinking of the terrible fate of Mark Twain, whose genius was deflected into ridiculing history, and all forms of art everywhere. He won the gratitude of millions of his fellow-countrymen and the position of a prophet, by reassuring them that they missed nothing by ignoring every sort of aesthetic and intellectual culture. It would be far better to be thought a mad artist and string along with a lobster like Gérard de Nerval (who also was a very great writer), than to be the lobster which the American nation takes on a string like Twain. The American nation can pull harder than the humorist. Thurber would hate such a position, yet in the following passage Mark Twain might be speaking from his grave.

> I have arrived at what I call Thurber's Law, which is that scientists don't really know anything about anything. . . . Scientists just think light is going that fast because they are afraid of it. . . . I have always suspected that light just plodded along, and now I am sure of it.

* * *

Such dismal fears, I must say, are not substantiated by a prophecy of the future called "After the Steppe Cat, What?" in which Thurber's imagination runs away with him as he foretells the decay of human civilisation and describes the cloud of mantises which fell on the New York skyscrapers, peering in at the office windows to spy out the chinks in man's armour. He enumerates the

> weevil, the wombat, the rabbit, the aardvark, the bandicoot, the Scotch terrier, the cockroach, the codling moth and the Colorado beetle, to name just a few of the thousands of insects and animals who will all come to town when the Great Invasion begins.

For all living things will then co-operate to wrest power from man, who has been keeping a fearful eye on his fellow-man, to the exclusion of the Steppe cat and the Steppe cat's million allies.

> Look through your field glasses at the nearest Steppe land—close to the ground. There—see that greyish white blurr with the blackish transverse bars.

There is a wild poetry about the Steppe Cat which recalls not Mark Twain, but Edward Lear. I really enjoy Thurber most (and feel he is on safest ground) when he doesn't deal with ideas or institutions, but with personal experiences, and when he's not trying to be funny at all. Three such chapters in this book have for me an inexplicable charm. The "Wood Duck" is simply a piece of realism—describing a wild duck which left the woods, preferring to live near a roadside apple-stand on a concrete highway, black in the centre with the dropped oil of a million cars. It is a perfect short dramatic story. "Memories of D. H. Lawrence" and "Doc Marlowe" and "The Wood Duck" make me believe that Thurber will have sufficient strength of character and is enough of an artist to refuse to be forcibly made a Twain of, and that he will develop along his own lines as a first-rate writer and not as a funny man or a prophet.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

I Live Under a Black Sun. By EDITH SITWELL. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

Morwyn, or the Vengeance of God. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

Closed Frontiers. By BRUNO FRANK. Translated by CYRUS BROOKS. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

Monpti. By GABOR VASZARY. *Putnam.* 7s. 6d.

When Miss Sitwell was born the nine Muses clubbed together and presented her with a lovely big paint-box. "There!" they said: "that will do from all of us; we're hard up at the moment, and we can't help it if people think us mean." But the paints were so varied and so brilliant that nobody dreamt of calling them mean: least of all Miss Sitwell. Far from it. When she grew up she used her paint-box to the most admirable purpose. Her poetry was so crammed with scintillating colour that everybody was dazzled and delighted. Her world was bright as a seedsman's packet, it was full of parrot-hued fruits and maroon parasols, even the dim distance was as blue as the Marquis of Bristol's coat; while over all shone perpetually—for there is no dull weather in Sitwell-land—the enormous and gold-rayed rustling sun. In her glittering verse, which bore a clear (and welcome) resemblance to the post-war décors of the Russian Ballet, we all splashed happily, and only the wise old fogeys could be heard murmuring that, like a weaker Monet, it was more remarkable for colour than for form or substance. Then Miss Sitwell dropped poetry, and applied herself to such sober (if decorative) topics as Bath and Queen Victoria. *Nec caelum, nec animum*: in between the massive quotations all the old scenery kept reappearing, like the backcloths in a touring opera company; no matter where we were, we had the fruits, the dew, the parasols, the crinolined waterfalls, and the great gold suns. We began to grow tired of that paint-box.

Her first novel is based upon the story of Swift, Stella and Vanessa; and now at any rate it might be supposed that she would break new ground. The very first paragraph dashes our hopes; it appeared that once more she was only anxious, like her brother, to "create opportunities for the kind of writing that comes easiest" to her. Easy come, easy go. She can turn out—and has turned out—stuff like that first paragraph by the yard:

> Through the forest of white damson trees with the constellations of sharp and of soft flower-stars and of dew falling upon their hair and brushing their lips, with the oceans of flower smells and of light lapping about them, two young people were walking hand in hand. The airs were green among the branches, and you felt that the forest stretched for ever, far beyond this spring and the song of birds.

The Foreword tells us that, while the author has "drawn copiously upon the works and letters of Jonathan Swift," "not only the details of that story, but also the framework, have been changed." The changes are considerable, the most important being that the story is transferred to modern times. I am not clear why Miss Sitwell did this; was her purpose similar to that of the Shakespeare in Modern Dress producer? It was certainly a self-denying decision: she is at home in the eighteenth century, whereas I cannot see that the contemporary setting (or as much of it as may be descried through the jewelled veil of her words) helps to elucidate that classic and extraordinary tale.

Jonathan Swift becomes Jonathan Hare; Stella, Anna Marton; Esther Vanhomrigh, Esther Vanalden; and the mysterious triangle works itself out in a manner that would be fairly interesting were we not distracted by kaleidoscopic scenery and occasional misfits: the stylistic gulf between the words put into the mouth of Hare-Swift and the original letters, quoted almost without alteration, is widened by the retention of such phrases as: "To be frank, unless the Government sends for me, I have no intention of ever seeing England again." How often are country clergymen sent for by the Government in these days? The story is further weakened by an elaborate below-stairs sub-plot, and the second chapter plunges us into a bombing outrage on a mysterious "Governor"—an episode whose only apparent connection with the story is remote. Although the final section of the book paints approaching madness with some power, the whole thing must, I fear, be relegated to the category of the ill-conceived. Miss Sitwell is a delightful poet, but she is decidedly not a novelist.

Nor, for that matter, is Mr. Powys. He now takes a plunge which he has long meditated from the brink; he descends into hell itself. Or rather into HELL, as his publishers, conscious of the solemnity of the occasion, insist on calling it—in a note which gaily drags in Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton. The Powys party consists of Mr. Powys, accompanied by a very slim and pure girl called Morwyn, her vivisectionist papa and a horrid Mephistophelian spaniel called Black Peter. Cruelty is the only sin worthy of HELL, and, needless to say, all vivisectors are sadists. Having been shuffled into HELL by a "cosmogonic" catastrophe, the Powys party immediately encounters Torquemada and the Marquis de Sade himself, whose "attitude towards my girl" causes Mr. Powys some anxiety. And so it all goes on, curiouser and curiouser, as Alice—and the booksellers—would say. If anybody can manage to persuade himself that this dreary stuff is Imaginative Writing, he is welcome; nothing in it will be unfamiliar to Powys-fans except the punctuation, which has fallen, like Elijah's mantle, straight from the shoulders of Lady Houston:

> But this much I will say—I have never known such an aura—if you understand what I mean—of magnetic desirability—as emanated from this girl's figure. . . . To me that was the chief thing!

Herr Bruno Frank has attempted the difficult task of turning into fiction the horrors and brutalities of Nazi Germany. Prince Ludwig, idealistic scion of the house of Saxe-Camburg, is chosen as the head of a Stahlhelm-cum-clerical revolt which is discovered by the Secret Police. Rather surprisingly, he is not put to death but exiled; later he re-enters Germany in order to effect, by bribes, the release of his old tutor from a concentration camp. They reach England at the time of King George's death, and Herr Frank expresses Ludwig's delight in the "poise and dignity" of London crowds and the genuineness of their love for the monarchy in a passage which I secretly applauded and should like to quote, but for the fear that it might stray round the corner into "This England." At the end Ludwig finds happiness in the love of a Jewish girl and in his work on a life of Goya: as much happiness as is consistent with the condition of a sane man exiled from his country and living in the crazy Europe of to-day. *Closed Frontiers* bears witness to the author's humanity, courage and sensibility; but I cannot persuade myself, at least on the strength of this book, that he is a natural novelist. He vouches for the authenticity of every single fact, and alas there is no serious reason to doubt him; but whether the sad and brutal facts gain anything from the fictional dress in which they are exhibited—that is another matter.

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the *Odyssey* has been the world's best-selling novel. But never before to-day has the story been obtainable in plain English, free from the affectations and strained conceits of translators. Homer told his tale—an ordinary after-dinner story—in the natural speech of his time, and Dr. Rouse in *The Story of Odysseus* has now done the same for modern readers.

We are both glad and proud to be presenting this new translation by a scholar with a living knowledge of modern Greece, where the *Odyssey* story still has its echoes to-day. Of particular interest too, is Dr. Rouse's appendix on the subject of "Homer's words."

The Story of Odysseus, by W. H. D. Rouse, 465 pages, 7/6 net—the usual novel price and size.

NELSON

35 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4

Of all these books *Monpti* raised the greatest hopes. It is the account, largely I suppose autobiographical, of a young Hungarian alone and on the verge of starvation in Paris, and it possesses a rare and absolutely original flavour. The first hundred pages brilliantly set before our eyes, indeed one may say beneath our noses, the sordid little Montparnasse hotel on whose fourth floor he inhabits "a large-sized birdcage that is called a room."

> If on the threshold of the Hotel Riviera one might still speak of a relative elegance—and one cannot—then by the time one has reached the fourth floor there is not the slightest trace of it to be found. The beauty of the different floors vanishes by degrees upwards, and after the fourth floor one just cannot imagine a fifth.

He goes on, with the same blend of exactness and wit, to describe the view from his window, the personalities of the hotel and the people in the Jardin du Luxembourg, and so sharply does he observe that the whole grey expanse of Paris rises up before our eyes as we read. Certain episodes are riotously funny, like the best sequences in a Réné Clair; and when he meets a girl, a charming, evasive creature and a fearful little liar, she is good too. But the total lack of plot causes a rapid decline in our interest: the author too seems to feel that something is wanting and kills off the girl in a most unconvincing street accident. But he is a very witty and intelligent man, and I hope we shall see more of his work.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

SERMONS IN SCIENCE

Human Affairs. (An Exposition of what Science can do for Man.) Edited by R. B. CATTELL, J. COHEN and R. M. W. TRAVERS. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The scientist has been the one satisfied "intellectual" of the post-war world. Artists, writers, philosophers and thinkers *tout court*, enjoying comfort without purpose or power, have grown cynical, and their work, having no organic rôle to play in a declining capitalist society, lacks energy and conviction. The scientist has power; the scientist, moreover, has known that his work is wanted, even if it is mostly wanted to fill somebody's pocket or to destroy somebody's life. The scientist, therefore, has had a recognisable part to play in the life of society. Also, research has proceeded apace and "discoveries" have multiplied upon us. So for the decade that succeeded the war. . . .

To-day, the scientist is no longer the white-headed boy of the intellectual world. For he, too, has become pervaded by the prevailing fear. To quote from the editorial of the book under review, he discovers that he has "transformed social life without solving any social problems"; he sees his work being prostituted "to the baser impulses of man" and perceiving "for the first time the immediate bearing of" his "discoveries upon the workings of modern life, he stands aghast." And so, he begins to reflect. Cannot science, he wonders, which has done so much to improve man's powers, do nothing to improve his use of them? Cannot science, which has thrown so much light upon matter, throw any upon man? Cannot science, which has provided human nature with the weapons for its own destruction, so transform human nature that men will see fit to avoid destroying themselves?

Imbued with the hope that these reflections inspire, he turns his attention to the sciences which concern themselves with human nature. The human sciences, he thinks, and by the human sciences he means biology, sociology and psychology, will—I am quoting from the editorial Foreword—"give a new form to mind and feeling," "create a new order of values; demand another way of living." In a word, they will cause human beings to desire ends other than those they have desired in the past, and to behave in new ways. Hence the present book, which consists of a number of contributions from experts on the "human sciences," written in the hope of enabling us—I am quoting from Professor McDougall—"to adjust our social systems to the rapid changes of conditions of life produced at an ever-accelerating rate by the victorious physical sciences." All the fifteen contributions are, the editors claim, characterised by a certain unity, a unity derived from the inspiration of a single purpose, that of "pleading for closer co-operation between scientists, legislators and society itself," from the expression of a common hope, "of modelling social life after the pattern of scientific truth," and from the making of a unanimous claim, that "the reasoned voice of science" should be given "its rightful place in the control of human affairs."

The contributors are as sensible as they are eminent, and though it is not always easy to discern in their writings the unity of aim and purpose to which the editors lay claim, each contribution is thoroughly worth reading on its own account. Dr. Baster writes with commendable modesty on the prospects of economic planning. We do not, he implies, know enough to plan with any certainty of prediction as to the effects of our planning. Sir Henry Brackenbury's contribution on medicine makes the sound point that the "onus as regards health has passed from individual and purely professional to communal action." Dr. Blacker discusses the possibility of applying our knowledge of eugenics, such as it is, to the breeding of a better class of citizen, but has the good sense to see that there is no sort of agreement as to what a better class of citizen would be like. Thus the limit of the achievement of positive eugenics at present is the encouragement of fertility among those who are recognised as being normal; in other words, there should be more men like the average man. I wonder. Professor Malinowski contributes a long paper in support of his contention that anthropology is the basic social science. Lessons which the study of anthropology is said to teach are that, since Communism is not found in any culture of the past it cannot cure the troubles of the present; that the family is a permanent institution; and that the backward social sciences should be brought up to the level of the advanced natural sciences. Dr. Miller derives neuroses from social maladjustment and points out that we are still "little more than clever adolescents toying with the intelligence of men, yet stirred by the emotions of children." One day he hopes we will be both more vital and more natural. No doubt; so do we all.

The tone of this book is, it will be seen from the excerpts I have given, very high; the scientists, indeed, are becoming the sermonisers of the age—but, alas, no better than those who preceded them in the world's pulpits do they succeed in inducing us to behave better. The question by which our age is oppressed is, how is man to be made virtuous? The answer of this book is, briefly, by studying and applying the social sciences. It is possible to be sceptical. Science, as Bertrand Russell long ago pointed out, does not alter human desires or transform human purposes; it only enables men to gratify the desires and to further the purposes which they already have. If the desires and purposes are on the whole good, the power of furtherance which science gives is itself a good; if evil, it is correspondingly an evil. Science, in short, is ethically neutral. To this generalisation there is, perhaps, one qualification which is that the impersonal and dispassionate spirit of science may come one day so to permeate men's minds that it may even affect their conduct of affairs. The scientific spirit, for example, may one day teach men in what evidence consists; it may also teach them to believe only those propositions which there is some reason to think to be true. It is already to its ethical credit, it is said, that modern man has ceased to put his trust in confessions obtained by torture, or to believe other propositions about the nature of things which are unsupported by evidence. Possibly this is so, but, if it is, then the ethical effects of science are at the moment at a discount. According to a report recently issued by the Howard League for Penal Reform, torture to obtain confessions is on the increase in the modern world, and, to take a single example, propositions about the destiny and value of various races in the scheme of things are being embraced with a dogmatism appropriate only to superstitions. It is important not to misinterpret the powers and possibilities of science. Science enables us to understand causes and to predict results. Dominated by science, men have come to believe that the understanding of causes will in itself enable them to alter results. The belief, so far at least as human beings are concerned, is a delusion. To understand why one is jealous, ill-tempered or sadistic does not prevent one from being jealous, ill-tempered or sadistic. It is not by knowing more that men and women will be saved, but by becoming virtuous. Unfortunately, the recipe for the production of virtue is not known.

C. E. M. JOAD

THOSE WERE GREAT DAYS

The English Country Gentleman. By CHESTER KIRBY. *Clarke.* 6*s.*

A Century Between. By ROBERT HENREY. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Both of these books are matter of fact, and make no pretension to style. They are better suited, therefore, to their purpose, although their narrative is frequently dull and bald. Mr. Kirby's book consists of short biographical studies of Lord George Bentinck; Grantley Berkeley, a younger son of the Earl of Berkeley; the fifth Duke of Richmond; and Sir John Bennet Lawes. So his favours are nicely distributed between blackguards and useful

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Mr. Stokes, the author of *Stones of Rimini* and *Russian Ballets*, intends his title literally, for he has something entirely new to express about colour and form. 6/-

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Otto Eisenschiml
☛ 'This masterpiece of detective literature. Let anyone who enjoys the excitement of the chase in history read this book.'—*Observer*. Compulsory reading for readers of *Gone With the Wind*. *Illustrated.* 15/-

Pilgrims Were They All
Dorothy Brooke
Fourth-Century Studies in Religious Adventure. 'A tale both lovely and amazing—Lady Brooke communicates enjoyment, and the hermits, ascetics, heretics, pilgrims and saints who function in these brilliant pages act before us on a stage lit by floodlights of unceasing wit.'—ROSE MACAULAY: *Spectator*. 12/6

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a novel by Forrest Reid
'He makes one of the few recent contributions to fiction in literature.'—*Glasgow Herald*. 7/6

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The biography of a brilliant young doctor—the self-told story of a dual nature, of a dandy who grew into a medical missionary: Marlborough, an M.C. in France, Oxford, Bart's, Edinburgh, Michigan, visits to Ethiopia, and finally tragic death in the Abyssinian War while organizing the British Ambulance Service. *October 7.* 8/6

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members of society. They all have one thing in common; that they are specimens of an extinct order, the feudal gentleman of England, owning wide estates, or rather reigning over them as temporary small monarchs whose destiny it was to uphold the dignity and the riches of a caste, and to tread upstarts into the dust.

Lord George Bentinck and Grantley Berkeley specialised in this last obligation. Both were younger sons. In feudal England (which lasted up to the opening of the twentieth century) to be a younger son in a noble family meant being endowed with the extravagant tastes and habits of the heir, without having the means to indulge them. Thus these younger sons had either to enter politics, the Army or the Church, and to live on their wits. They were debarred from trade and even from the professions.

Bentinck took a pocket borough and started a career on the racecourse. He gambled and he bred horses, both on a grand scale; and he carried the manners and morals of the racecourse into Parliament. Lord John Russell rebuked him for treating public men with the same suspicion and violence that he used against scoundrels of the Turf. He was uneducated, and his parliamentary technique was that of a huckster, but his force of character enabled him to make a virtue out of this shortcoming. He was the first politician to introduce statistics to the House. He used this method vainly to oppose the repeal of the Corn Laws and to smash Sir Robert Peel, whom he considered a traitor to the cause of the landed gentry. At the same time, and with the same methods, he made himself the leader of the racing world, and by means of sheer brute force and litigation, purged the racecourse of many of its fraudulent habits and drove out the worst of the crooks.

He bred as many as eighty horses at a time, latterly keeping them at Goodwood, where the stables and the new course were laid out to his design by the Duke of Richmond. While he was fighting in Parliament to retain the Corn Duties and to preserve the Gaming Laws, utterly indifferent to the miseries of the agricultural workers, he was feeding his horses at Goodwood "on peas and beans; then on flour and water gruel; and finally on milk and flour, with a dozen eggs added to each feed of corn. Cows were purchased. Eggs, initialled to guarantee freshness, were ordered from the farmers." It reads like an extract from a history of France in the eighteenth century. What a brute the man was, and what a doomed social system it was that allowed such a man to hold administrative power in the economy of the nation.

Grantley Berkeley was another such tough, except that his fancy was hunting instead of racing. He also had an added twist to his snobbishness, for his mother, a tradesman's daughter, had borne four sons to the Earl before marriage, and four afterwards. Grantley was the second of the legitimates, and he felt the stain on the escutcheon, as well as the fact that the eldest of the bastards, a complete scoundrel, collared all the money and estates.

It is a relief to turn from these two beauties to the Duke of Richmond and Sir John Lawes, who were men of constructive activities. The Duke, with enormous wealth and estates, worked conscientiously to fulfil his heavy trust. His serfs were so well cared for that even old Cobbett had to praise him for his stewardship, after attacking him violently for his misguided efforts to reform the workhouses.

As for Lawes, his work in founding the Rothamsted agricultural research station, and in first bringing scientific method into agricultural practice, is well enough known to need no mention here.

Mr. Henrey's book is a family chronicle, beginning with the account of the romantic marriage of his ancestors, Lord Southampton's son Henry Fitzroy, and Hannah the daughter of the first English Rothschild. Both families opposed the match, and the lovers had to wait and wear down the opposition. Their marriage was happy, except for the tragedy of their son, who was thrown from a horse and spent the rest of his short life being tortured by the barbaric surgical devices which the Harley Street of that day improvised. The book is poignant as family portrait albums are poignant, or any narration of the passing of the generations. One reads it, brushing away little flakes of the snows of yesteryear. Sons and daughters grow up, make and break unhappy marriages, and pass into old age and desolation. Great men come and go, and Royalty passes graciously. We are introduced to a children's party at Buckingham Palace, where Fitzroy's little daughter treads on the Prince Consort's toe, and the Queen soundly smacks the baby Prince Arthur of Connaught for being naughty. We overhear Tennyson say of Browning, "That fellow Browning writes himself down every day more and more." We move on through the days of the pre-Raphaelites, and go to parties at Leighton House to hear Joachim and Patti. We meet Hans Andersen and learn that every night he pinned a notice to his nightshirt which said, "I only appear to be dead." We hear Millais say "I will say this for myself—there's no living fellow who knows better than I what paint can do, and I don't care who knows that I say so!" It is all very ghostly now; and it once was a world of flesh and blood and passion. We read about it, and we look at ourselves, and see already our breathing stilled, and our warm hands withered, and our loves and hates and fears perhaps recorded sparsely in print. And perhaps not. For it is after all a miracle to survive, even in so attenuated a form as these records of a rich and aristocratic family of the nineteenth century. RICHARD CHURCH

Many Sides

THERE are people who keep no banking account, and there are those who *merely* keep an account. To pay in one's cheques or dividends, and to draw out for one's needs, are right and obvious uses of a bank; these are first essentials. But, if a bank has kept step with the times and still retains its background of a century's tradition, it must at least have become many-sided. It is to popularize the many-sidedness of the Westminster Bank that a small booklet is issued named *Thirty-nine Advantages*, copies of which may be had at the counter of any branch office.

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VAN GOGH

Dear Theo: An Autobiography of Vincent Van Gogh from his Letters. Edited by IRVING STONE. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Irving Stone, author of a novel about Van Gogh, has taken the three volumes of letters written by Vincent to his brother Theo and reduced them to a single volume of uninterrupted narrative. He has done his work well; this is autobiography and not merely a selection of passages. What an amazing book it is! That Van Gogh was a writer of genius, at least the equal of many of the writers he admired—Zola, the Goncourts, George Eliot—would probably now be denied by few critics; and Mr. Stone's reassembling of the letters strengthens that judgment. Negatively, the absence of all make-believe, of that Hamlet strain which writers encourage in themselves, may surprise and disconcert the reader: one is reminded of Sibelius's remark about offering the public "pure water." Van Gogh's is a prose of pure water, which tastes strangely after the concoctions of others. The notorious incidents of his life, the harbouring of the prostitute and her child in The Hague, the sliced ear at Arles—one turns to them again expecting, perhaps, some thrill of dramatisation; but there is none. All the gaudy epithets

have been attached to Van Gogh by others. He rarely raises his voice above this (one opens the book at random):

> You know if I could only get really strong soup it would do me good straight off; it's preposterous, but I *never* can get what I ask for, even the simplest things from these people here.
>
> But it is not hard to cook potatoes?
>
> Impossible.
>
> Then rice, or macaroni?
>
> None left, or else it is messed up in grease, or else they aren't cooking it to-day and they'll explain that that's to-morrow's dish, there's not room on the range, and so on. It's absurd, but that is the real reason why my health drags along.
>
> I could quite well share the new studio with someone, and I should like it. Then the cooking could be done in one's own place.
>
> In any case, the studio is too public for me to think it might tempt any little woman, though a petticoat crisis couldn't easily end in a *liaison*. Morals here seem to be less inhuman, and less contrary to nature, than in Paris; but with my disposition, to go on the spree and to work are in no way compatible, and in the present circumstances one must content oneself with painting pictures. It is not really living at all, but what is one to do? And indeed this artistic life, which we know is not *the* real life, seems to me so vital that one would be ungrateful not to be content with it.

The predicament of the artist has been stated a thousand times before (passages from Flaubert and Henry James come to mind), but has it ever been put more simply or better than here? In the same voice he speaks of his paints, landscape, religion, love, the need for money; and the paragraph with which Mr. Stone ends the book: "Well, my own work, I am risking my life for it and my reason has half-foundered; that's all right"—moves us by the same self-revelation without egotism. Without egotism!—how many of the great autobiographies can we say that of? From Rousseau and Pepys to such a microscopist as Jules Renard, they reek of it.

We should be grateful to Messrs. Constable for making this masterpiece available at last at a reasonable price. The lead paper of the three-guinea edition has been dropped, and the few illustrations are interleaved (there should have been more). The book badly needs an index. Needless to say, Mr. Stone's abbreviation will not satisfy anyone who has read the letters in full, but it should catch a new public. Van Gogh is, after all, the most popular painter of his time.

G. W. STONIER

TAKING STOCK OF THE BALLET

Dancing Round the World. By ARNOLD HASKELL. *Gollancz.* 18*s.* (With 68 photographs.)

Invitation to the Ballet. By NINETTE DE VALOIS. *Lane.* 12*s.* 6*d.* (With 40 photographs.)

Since Mr. Haskell made such a success with *Balletomania* in 1934, any number of writers have tried to cash in on the public interest which he showed to exist. It is so easy to write a book about the ballet; the theme is as inexhaustible as Mr. Agate's life story. All you have to do is go to a few performances, to get the general hang of the thing, and you can start at once. Opening with a short sketch of the origin and development of ballet (Mr. Haskell's earlier book can be borrowed from Boots) you then describe its impact on your own sensitive personality and wonder how you managed to exist before you loved it. Next you discuss the individual dancers, assessing their varied capabilities as far as possible in terms of an entirely different art—some small knowledge of painting, poetry and sculpture, and a smattering of French will make this section impressive. Finally you deal with the ballets themselves, remembering that the more wild, mystical and unlikely the significance you pretend to discover in their action, the more clever you will be esteemed. The choreographers may be surprised out of their wits, but nobody will contradict you. After this, if you still haven't covered enough pages, put in some gossip. And there are always the photographs. Remains only to publish and wait hopefully for some paper to appoint you as its critic. This recipe, or something like it, has been served up over and over again during the past few years, sometimes as a primer for beginners, done in the coaxing manner (if only you knew what you are missing), sometimes for initiates and pretty incomprehensible even to them, while one author last year went so far as to try to do for ballet what Beverley Nichols has already done for God and gardens. There have, of course, been exceptions, but the general effect has been to make even the enthusiast exclaim, "Oh, Lord, *another* book about the ballet!"

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ILLUSTRATIONS include a special portrait of Bruno Frank by "Sava," and other photogravure plates and line drawings.

This issue is the

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The names at the head of this column show that the present season has begun more promisingly. A book by Ninette de Valois could hardly fail to be an important contribution to the theory and practice of ballet, and Arnold Haskell the balletomane, as opposed to the balletomaniac, shows that he can write more like a critic and less like a press agent, though he cannot altogether resist the temptation to repeat a proven success. The first two-thirds of *Dancing Round the World* is much in the *Balletomania* style, easy to read and interesting on a conversational level, but admittedly trivial. It is an account of the author's journey to and through Australia with de Basil's second company, and it succeeds in whetting our appetites for the season to be given at Covent Garden in the New Year. But the ballet plays second fiddle to Australia, where Mr. Haskell's heart, we gather, remains. He gazed upon "virgin bush untouched by man," and suffered "a mystic experience in which I felt at one with the nature around me, and at moments the experience was infinitely, almost unbearably sad. I wanted to be there always." Fans may forgive the author for restraining his passion for the ballet, but I doubt if they will thank him for a chronicle of his infidelity with a continent, especially at twelve shillings a time. The last six bob's worth is in different vein, and Mr. Haskell would have done better to have expanded this part into a second book. It is a complete, if brief, survey of the present condition and future prospects of ballet, in which all the principal companies, their management, choreographers and dancers, are analysed. With a disarming honesty the author frankly admits that his previous lack of faith in the Sadler's Wells ballet was mistaken, and his generous valuation of Miss de Valois's achievement in fostering "a company that belongs to the main development of ballet" will add to our estimation of him as a critic.

Miss de Valois's book is not easy to read, nor is it simple to review; every chapter might form the basis for an essay. She discusses every facet of the ballet and, considering her position, approaches the subject in a remarkably objective manner. Some of her views will meet with criticism, but all she has to say will be received with the respect that is due to her, not only for her great experience and achievements, but also for the vigorous commonsense she displays in this volume. Her *Invitation to the Ballet* should be accepted by all enthusiasts.

To Londoners, familiar with the crowded audiences at Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells, it may come as a surprise to learn that both these authors view the future of ballet with some anxiety. That their "dizzy with success" attitude is justified there is no doubt. Briefly the difficulties are these. Only Australia vies with London in enthusiasm, and that perhaps temporarily; elsewhere is comparative apathy, and there are too many companies competing for the favours of a fickle public. Economic necessity leads to overmuch travel and not enough leisure for recuperation. Too many rehearsals and performances leave little time for class work. Artistically there is danger in the star system and the concentrated training that makes ballerinas at sixteen. But perhaps the greatest danger lies in the paucity of choreographic talent amongst the younger generation, and in the failure of impressarios to match artist, composer and choreographer, as did Diaghileff in his best period. To make good the deficiency we are offered a series of Fokine revivals. That the dancers should have the benefit and privilege of his direction is all to the good: that his old, lapsed ballets should be refurbished and resurrected appears to me to be mistaken policy. It is significant that the dreariness of Cleopatra evoked a few exasperated boos. A cloud no larger than a man's hand? Maybe, but how many years is it since the least whisper of public disapproval has been heard at a Covent Garden ballet?

Few of these criticisms can be levelled at the Vic-Wells company, which is on a firm foundation and should have an assured and perhaps a brilliant future. As for the Russians, if they would only cease to behave like children, dancer bickering with dancer, and company with company, they might, as Mr. Haskell suggests, pool resources. And then we should see something! Mr. Haskell has made an excellent suggestion: may we hope that he will appoint himself ambassador in the Lansbury fashion and see if he cannot bring it into effect?

GEOFFREY PARSONS

STILL THEY COME

The Meaning of Hamlet. By LEVIN L. SCHÜCKING. *Oxford.* 6s.
The Voyage to Illyria. By KENNETH MUIR and SEAN O'LOUGHLIN. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Between 1877 and 1935, it appears, no less than 2,167 books, essays and articles were published with "Hamlet" as their subject. This is a disconcerting fact which becomes more credible when one considers these two books. In spite of the rows of Shakespeariana in the second-hand shops, it is not till one meets with such statistics as the above that one realises how many explorers, excited at the thought that they may be able to cast light where such a multitude has blinked, have rushed to publish their new "Eureka!" Messrs. Muir and O'Loughlin are unfortunately of this tribe which reiterates what has oft been said without noticeably improving the expression. The market is so overburdened with books on Shakespeare that there really should be an embargo on any which cannot be easily proved to contain unimpeachably new material (like Professor Hotson's books, for example) or an obviously valuable method of approach (like Miss Spurgeon's analysis of Shakespeare's imagery).

The contribution which *The Voyage to Illyria* seeks to make to Shakespearean study is to interpret Shakespeare's writings in terms of the known or presumed events of his life. Perhaps in no other sphere of criticism is it possible to go so far astray as in this, the attempt to state what probably was in the author's mind at the time of composition, when you have inadequate documentary evidence before you. The interpretations of the last movement of Beethoven's Op. 135, which some hold to possess deep philosophic significance and some to be the result of a chat between Beethoven and his cook, is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the method. Messrs. Muir and O'Loughlin have not always considered its dangers. The main stages of Shakespeare's emotional and intellectual progress are by now tolerably clear, but it is extremely dangerous to attempt to discover an occult significance in every passage of his writing and to prove that it contains some cryptic reference to one or another stage of his development. (C. E. Montague's "proof," from internal evidence, that the rise of the Hohenzollerns is prophesied in the Sonnets, or Mgr. Knox's "proof" that Queen Victoria wrote "In Memoriam" should be a horrid warning of the possibilities of distortion.) For example, the collaborators argue that Falstaff's dismissal was due to a split between Shakespeare and Southampton—"Prince Hal's dismissal of Falstaff is a dramatic projection of Southampton's break with Shakespeare. No other explanation squares with the facts."

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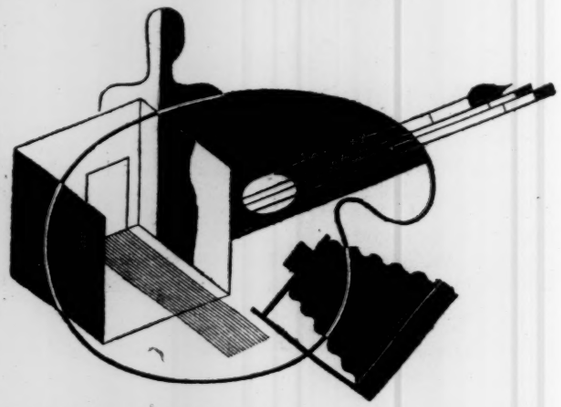

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ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL

But why must we necessarily accept the preliminary postulate that some explanation from Shakespeare's life must be provided for every passage in his plays? The principle may lead to this kind of argument. The collaborators quote Orlando's :

> Therefore heaven nature charg'd,
> That one body should be fill'd
> With all graces wide enlarg'd,
> Nature presently distill'd
> Helen's cheek, but not his heart,
> Cleopatra's majesty.

and then argue that the false gender in the fifth line was due to an unconscious recollection by the poet of his claim in Sonnet 53 that Southampton surpassed Helen. It may be: it may very well not be. You might just as well say that, on the principle of the Interpretation Act of 1889 which produced the phrase "words importing the masculine gender shall include females," Shakespeare's use of the word here was that of "his (to include her)".

Professor Schücking, who has written much valuable criticism of Shakespeare in the past, divides his book into a commentary, scene by scene, on the action of *Hamlet*, with some preliminary chapters on Shakespeare's method, his characterisation and style and the baroque element in *Hamlet*. His commentary on the play is lively. It treats the characters very much as living beings in a flesh-and-blood world and not the "Universe of Discourse" of the play, in the manner of Morgann's essay on Falstaff or Madden's "The Diary of Master William Silence." Professor Schücking has no startling re-interpretation to expound; his commentary is a useful companion for anyone reading *Hamlet* for the first few times. His prefatory chapters are less able. They are too full of stale meat—the influence of Seneca and Montaigne on Elizabethan tragedy; the information we may infer about Shakespeare's life and interests from the images he employed; and the probability that he put much of himself into the character of Hamlet. If it be argued that to the readers of the original edition this was all news, the answer is, why did the Oxford Press bother to have the book translated? RONALD LEWIN

ANALYSIS OF COLOUR

Colour and Form. By ADRIAN STOKES. *Faber.* 6s.

Long after the rest of the world has ceased to believe in miracles, art critics continue to ascribe to them the qualities in pictures which are not easily isolated or described. This is particularly true of what is usually said about colour. Of Matisse we write "his extraordinarily original colour," of Cézanne "his amazingly beautiful colour," of Piero "the incredible indefinable quality of his colour," and leave it at that. Now that Mr. Adrian Stokes has produced the first scientific and imaginative analysis of "the aspect of form, which right from the start is dependent upon a total configuration of colour," it seems astonishing that no one has done so or attempted to do so before.

Mr. Stokes' book has come at what appears to be a turning point in the history of art. "His (Cézanne's) lesson has been very badly learned, very badly understood by painters and critics alike." Among painters the misunderstanding has resulted in half-hearted eclecticism, in worn-out gaiety and in the drab search for absolute values in abstraction. And criticism has descended into a "conning of delightful bits." But though Mr. Stokes is aware of this situation, and feels that the "future of pictorial art is bound up with the ideas which receive partial expression here," he has been careful to avoid the formulation of any rigid theory. "I am not trying to persuade painters to adopt a particular line of approach when in the particular act of painting." Mr. Stokes' conclusions are derived, not from theories but from the evidence of pictures, from the work of Cézanne, Chardin, Breughel, Giorgione and Piero della Francesca.

The starting point of the investigation is in a definition of the dual nature of pigment—first as an almost formless substance which can evoke the sensation of colour, second, as colours which in juxtaposition work on one another to evoke forms. "The colour of a picture is fine when one feels that not the colours, *but each and every form* through the medium of their colours, has come to equal fruition." This refinement of interacting colours Mr. Stokes calls the "carving," as opposed to the plastic conception in painting. "The painter of a modelling proclivity recharges the landscape with shape. The painter of a carving proclivity is at pains to show that the forms there each have a face which he discloses."

Since Mr. Stokes' analysis is comprehensive and takes as much notice of fantastic implications of colour as of its scientific description, what he says has often a deceptively "literary" sound. So in referring to the organic quality of colour in everyday life, he writes :—

> It is not uncommon to see in a street, a girl whose bag sums up in a deeper key and in the same proportions, the dominant colour of her skin and features and perhaps of her clothes. It is not entirely beside the point to add that inside the bag she is probably carrying her make up.

And of a Breughel harvest scene :—

> The old woman has a white linen wrap over her head. She is dipping a spoon into her full bowl of whitish soup. The idea of white soup is in (on) her head. . . . In direct contrast is the boy who with a bowl in both hands, drinks the soup down, pours it into himself. We feel the movement strongly because around his stomach and thighs the white re-emerges in the shape of knickers.

And in the appendix (a short study of four pictures in the National Gallery) he writes of the Piero baptism :—

> The tree to the side of Christ and a little behind him is an upward growth, brother to the perpendicular line down Christ's body, owing to the closeness of colour, the face of the angel behind the tree appears to have grown from the tree and her head is crowned by a leafed twig growing outward from the trunk.

Mr. Stokes' mode is recondite, personal and extremely subtle. In its present form it is hardly capable of a general application, and there is some doubt as to the manner in which it will involve future paintings. But as to what he has written about the past the value of his book is unassailable. Someone has said that it takes a piece of genius to say something new about a picture. Mr. Stokes has not only something new to say, he offers the outline of a new technique for looking at pictures.

GRAHAM BELL

SHORTER NOTICES

I Chose Teaching. By RONALD GURNER. *Dent.* 10s. 6d.

"I sat down one night . . . and said to myself . . . I will try honestly to review the sincerity of my life and work. I will . . . have no truck with platitude or convention . . . I will not explain away hypocrisy or failure. . . . If I have sinned against the light, moral or intellectual, I will say so. If in any respect . . . I have harmed a boy I will arraign myself before my own tribunal." In these promising terms, Mr. Ronald Gurner, now headmaster of Whitgift School, opens his autobiography. The reader who hopes for revelations will be disappointed. The court is held *in camera* and neither the evidence nor the findings have been divulged. Mr. Gurner's claim, towards the end of the book, that he has betrayed no confidence, is an understatement. Though nearly everything he says is admirable in its way, most of it is very, very familiar. Mr. Gurner chose teaching reluctantly. He taught at Haileybury, Clifton and Marlborough, fought in the war and returned to Marlborough. In 1920 he suddenly became headmaster of a secondary school. The greater part of this book is devoted to showing how in the last thirty years education in State-controlled and State-aided schools has been brought into line with the public schools. Like so many schoolmasters, Mr. Gurner believes in the abstract quality of character. "Character," he writes, "implies the possession of a sense of honour, of a conception of the sacredness of duty, of respect for truth, of loyalty, of courage and . . . of bodily chastity during the formative years." These are the idealistic virtues of St. Paul, the Rotarian, and the totalitarian State. This is the un-Christ-like Christianity of the Victorian "gentleman." Mr. Gurner believes that a man from a boarding public school would not lie, flinch or let his side down, and that the same quality can be and has been fostered at day public schools, grammar schools and secondary schools. His idealism allows him to forget the two inalienable advantages of a public-school education—the accent which is so useful in talking to policemen, and the toughness produced by the barrack-life, where you learn that if you do not stand up for yourself, no one else will. Mr. Gurner favours society as it is constituted without seeing that as long as it endures, his boys will be at a disadvantage. He loves his work in general, and one suspects, his O.T.C. in particular. He dislikes the Labour Party and "free schools." His criticisms of the last seem to the point, but they are too little specific to be interesting. For all Mr. Gurner's high ideals and noble work, it is comforting after reading a book like this, to reflect that 90 per cent. of twelve-year-old boys are fairly tough and fairly cynical. The public schools themselves make only a moderate proportion of prigs, and day boys should be even more resilient.

A Study of the Capital Market in Post-War Britain. By A. T. K. GRANT. *Macmillan.* 12s.

The scholarly seriousness of this book is likely to frighten away certain readers, particularly historians, for whom it should be of very great

Stand-to for Saints!

A friend, staying in Tirol this summer, was rudely awakened at dawn one morning by the ringing of church bells, followed by a deafening explosion. This went on at intervals throughout the morning, and when he enquired what was happening, he was told that it was no more than the joyous villagers proclaiming a religious festival.

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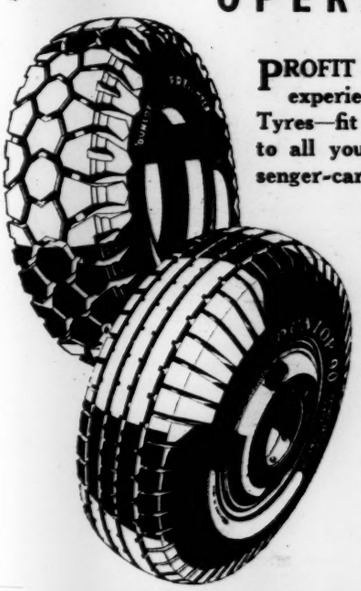

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value. For Mr. Grant, in describing the changing methods by which capital, both long and short term, is supplied to industry and commerce, has shed much light upon certain corresponding changes in the social structure of the country. These changes cannot adequately be appreciated without recourse to the fruits of such descriptive economic research as are to be found in this book. In the major part of the book, which deals with the provision of long-term capital, Mr. Grant describes how the staple industries of Britain were once financed by private family savings, but that to-day new capital must increasingly be sought via the London money market and the mechanism of the public company. The implications of this change are very important indeed. Other changes are the increasing importance of corporate, impersonal holdings, the increased risks of new enterprise, which tends to belong to departments of shifting fashion, and the new use of the London market for domestic, rather than overseas finance operations. In the first part of the book is to be found a lucid account of the mutual relations of short- and long-term rates of interest, whilst in the final chapters Mr. Grant disputes the major propositions of Mr. Keynes and Mr. Harrod concerning the movement of savings during the trade cycle, the importance of which, in this country, he regards as somewhat overestimated. Mr. Grant is a strong advocate of some form of industrial banking in this country, for the purpose of financing new enterprise and offsetting gains against losses. This book, together with Colin Clark's *National Income and Outlay* and Mr. Keynes's *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*, forms a corner, as it were, of a valuable triangle of modern research.

Week-end Competitions

No. 394

Set by John Roberts

Everyone now knows what a "doodle" is—the half-conscious pictorial scribble we make on telephone pads or on a theatre programme during the interval. The *Evening Standard* publishes each night a page of "doodles," together with a short analytic report on the character of each. We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for the best invented "doodle" of either a well-known or an imaginary person, accompanied by a brief analysis of his or her character.

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1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, October 8th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 392

Set by L. F. Goldsmid

We are said to have lost the myth-making faculty possessed by the Ancient Greeks and others, as shown in the stories of Persephone and the Man in the Moon. The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the invention of a myth regarding the Aurora Borealis which disproves this assertion. Entries should not exceed 300 words.

Report by L. F. Goldsmid

Competitors have done as they were asked to do. Most of the entries are interesting, many show creative imagination, some are beautiful, and no two present identical or even very similar interpretations of the phenomena of the Aurora Borealis.

Especially individual are the modern hero-myths. The Northern Lights are ascribed to the starring of Garbo (B. H. H.), to the blazing of Dictator Mussler (Redling), to the artificial jewellery of a ten-cent store Napoleon (Pax), to the reflected moonshine from the *Daily Express* buildings (J. K. Walton) and to other more or less heroic figures.

Several myths, as is natural and right, are based on the Love theme. Thus the Lights are lovers' signals (L. G. Large), the sun-god's wooing rays (George Wales), the dawn-goddess's dazzling purity (Mabel Stewart) and her waving scarf (Damon).

Again, they are the sparks of impatient horses' shoes on granite (R. G. Linklater), the flames on an altar of sacrifice (A. W. Dela Cour) or under a witches' cauldron (Nancy Taddle), the premature awakening from sleep of the goddess of day (L. V. Upward), the guardian spirit of genius (M. Hannam), and the rainbow-coloured fan that was made to cool the seals while Arctic waters were yet warm (True Traveller).

The final choice narrowed down to four entries. Clar's beautifully expressed, is, however, less a myth than a mystic interpretation of the Lights as messages to men from spirits in outer space. Agag, to whom the sparks are those of the foundry where Kitchener "who had come from the sea and gone back to the sea" was forging armaments for Armageddon, is in the true hero-myth tradition, but on the whole I prefer the two following. James Henderson's entry seems so authentic that I am wondering whether he will write to explain that he has hoaxed me with a real antique. J. C. B. Date's has the poet's touch, though a purist might object that the reiteration of the word "colour" grows monotonous.

FIRST PRIZE

In Jötunheim dwelt the giant Friofth, called the Fearless; his wife was Björna the Broad-bosomed, daughter of Thor by Sverda Swan-neck. Björna bore Friofth twelve sons, stout warriors like himself; and their fame was wide throughout Jötunheim.

Now Odin cast Loki the Evil forth from Asgard for the slaying of Baldur the Beautiful; and Odin looked out over Jötunheim, and called Friofth, and said: "The Jötuns are enemies of the Asa; but if your sons will serve me I will give a great reward." Friofth said, "Say on." And Odin said, "Let your sons guard the gates of Asgard by night, that Loki come not within; and I will give them immortality." Friofth said, "So be it": and he brought his sons. And Odin gave them to eat of the topmost leaf of the tree Yggdrasil; but to Friofth he gave a leaf of yew: for he said, "His sons are grandsons of Thor; but what is Friofth but a Jötun?"

So Friofth died; and his sons guarded the Gates of Asgard by night while the Gods feasted; and Odin touched their shields and their spears on the sun, so that they shone in the darkness: and Loki feared and shunned them.

Now after many generations the sons of men turned away from the Northern Gods, sending no more their prayers and blood to the feasts of Asgard; and the Gods withered, and the ice crept around their halls; but still the sons of Friofth keep their watch, and in the dark nights men see the flashing of their shields, and the long shimmering of their spears, and sometimes even hear the faint clashing of their armour as they march before the gates of Asgard, where the Northern Gods sit among the snows, waiting for Ragnarok. JAMES HENDERSON

SECOND PRIZE

When the earth was first created it was pure white: hills, valleys, plains, and even the sea itself were colourless. But God was not yet satisfied with his handiwork, and he decided to brighten it with colour.

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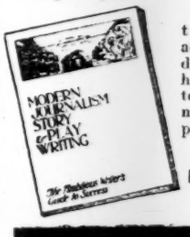

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New Statesman and Nation, 2/10/37

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM
(J5/5), ST. ALBANS

So he took all the colours of the rainbow and began to paint the earth. Because green was the colour that pleased him most, he made the grass green and all the trees of the forest; the moors he made purple, and the dying leaves golden-brown; while the flower-petals were decked out with every colour he had. But before God had finished the task, men began to spread over the earth; they covered his green meadows with their dingy homes; they blackened his leaves with the smoke from their chimneys; and they trampled down the many-coloured flowers on which he had spent so much time. God was very angry at this, and though the extremities of the earth were not yet painted, he threw down his colours and left the work unfinished. The colours all ran out where they fell and intermingled, but because they were God's colours they kept their original brightness for ever. And so the poles of the earth are still as white as on the day they were created, and in the sky above them God's colours can still be seen in their brilliance where he cast them down. J. C. B. DATE

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 248.—A MESSAGE FROM MOSCOW

. . . That morning when I met Zogitoft he handed me a slip of paper. "It's not difficult," he whispered; "the very reverse; you'll soon discover what it means."

This was the message:

52145	10253	15181	48191
74192	29818	11910	24157
14581	. . .		

Can you decode?

PROBLEM 246.—THE DEEPWATER GIRLS AGAIN

Solution by W. S. Barrett

(1) Either each book is assigned rightly by two girls.
(2) Or two are assigned rightly by three girls, four by two girls, and one by no girls.
(3) Or two are assigned rightly by three girls, three by two girls, and two by one girl.
(4) Or one is assigned rightly by three girls, five by two girls, and one by one girl.
(1) Gives one solution—the authors being in order BKPSCTE (*a*).
(2) Gives no solution.
(3) Gives no solution.
(4) Gives five solutions: CPPPCSS (*b*), CBKPCTE (*c*), BPPSBSS (*d*), CCKSBSS (*e*), and BBKSBTE (*f*).

Of these: (*a*) Gives seven different authors.
(*c*) Gives six different authors.
(*f*) Gives five different authors.
(*e*) Gives four different authors.
(*b*) and (*d*) Give three different authors.

Now we know that there are either four or five authors in the list.

Therefore either (*e*) or (*f*) is right; and the authors are either CCKSBSS or BBKSBTE.

So the solution is as follows:

(1) The Second Meridian—by Carados or by Bottledale.
(2) The Life and Death of H. C.—by Carados or by Bottledale.
(3) *Prawns for the Proconsul—by Knotmutch.*
(4) *Flatfoot—by Stuffisch.*
(5) *Quousque Tandem—by Bottledale.*
(6) A Pamphleteer at Bay—by Stuffisch or by Traddles.
(7) Diamonds are Trumps—by Stuffisch or by Endways.

Of three only—(3), (4) and (5)—can the authorship be definitely determined.

PROBLEM 245.—THE SNOOKER TOURNAMENT

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Dudley Causton, 23 Jessel House, Judd Street, W.C.1.

Six points are awarded.

PROBLEM 244.—THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: W. T. Maccall, 15 St. Bede's Terrace, Sunderland.

Seven points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

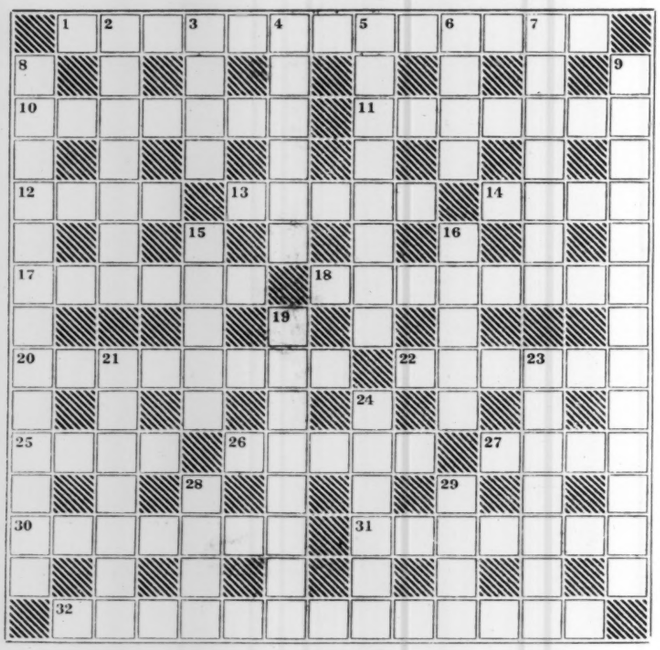
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 395

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

B. D. Blackman, Leinster Court Hotel, Leinster Gardens, W.2

ACROSS

1. Provide fitting occupation for those engaged in piece work (or play). (13)
10. A soldier of method. (7)
11. French river colony. (7)
12. Play corner for the rookery. (4)
13. Numerically MDCLXVI. (5)
14. How you'll go if you can't "keep your hair on." (4)
17. Doubled round the crag in rags. (6)
18. Of ten joined up. (8)
20. What they do to the man who fails to get up in time. (8)
22. The racy part of this paper. (6)
25. The boss takes part in mumbo jumbo. (4)
26. Letters of the Ancient Britons. (5)
27. Saw without the pro. (4)
30. Such things should have a forbidding aspect. (7)
31. It presumably can't take a back step. (7)
32. These are not outdoor entertainments for planters. (13)

DOWN

2. Not the reverse of the exits. (7)
3. A good one is of course kind. (4)
4. Yn't shortly. (6)
5. Over "ground" no doubt. (8)
6. Might be a belt for the tropics. (4)
7. Not what artists do at a burial. (7)
8. One is relatively rural. (13)
9. The G.O.M.'s trousers? (13)
15. Body of singers employed in service. (5)
16. Her skin is naturally red. (5)
19. Give the gent nuts in an elementary way. (8)
21. Where Kim took the message of a white stallion's pedigree. (7)
23. Sounds like the movement of the glacier. (7)
24. Is apt to get matted, but may be put into a basket. (6)
28. How to run with the wind up. (4)
29. Pace that's wrong on the ascent. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

D	O	M	E	S	T	I	C	S	E	R	V	I	C	E
■	V	■	X	■	U	■	L	■	X	■	O	■	R	■
B	E	T	T	E	R	■	A	R	T	I	C	L	E	S
■	R	■	E	■	I	■	S	■	E	■	A	■	E	■
W	A	R	M	I	N	G	P	A	N	■	L	I	P	S
■	L	■	P	■	■	■	S	■	S	■	■	■	E	■
A	L	L	O	V	E	R	■	F	I	L	B	E	R	T
■	■	■	R	■	N	■	■	■	O	■	E	■	■	■
B	O	N	E	D	R	Y	■	A	N	G	L	E	R	S
■	T	■	■	■	A	■	P	■	■	■	G	■	E	■
A	R	E	A	■	P	A	R	T	Y	F	R	O	C	K
■	A	■	L	■	T	■	E	■	E	■	A	■	I	■
A	N	T	I	Q	U	E	S	■	L	E	V	I	T	Y
■	T	■	B	■	R	■	T	■	L	■	I	■	A	■
P	O	L	I	C	E	C	O	N	S	T	A	B	L	E

How can you work when you feel "off-colour"? How can you think when you've got a headache? How can you enjoy your meals when you suffer from indigestion? Get the poisons of sedentary life out of your system. You'll feel a new being if you only remember that . . .

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